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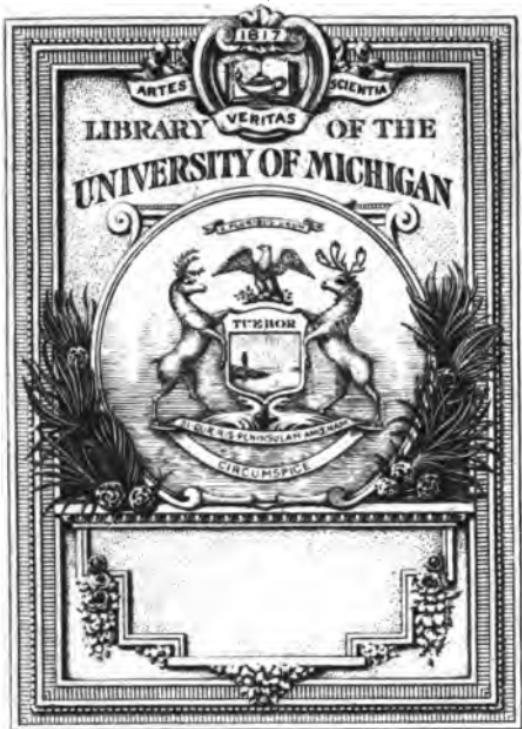
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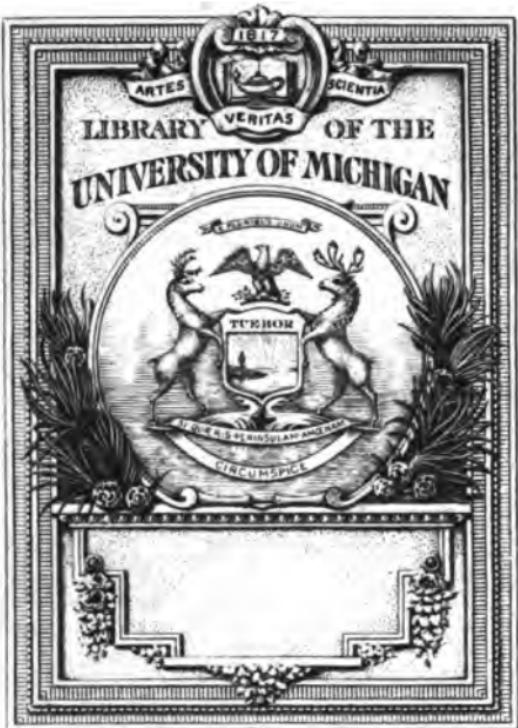
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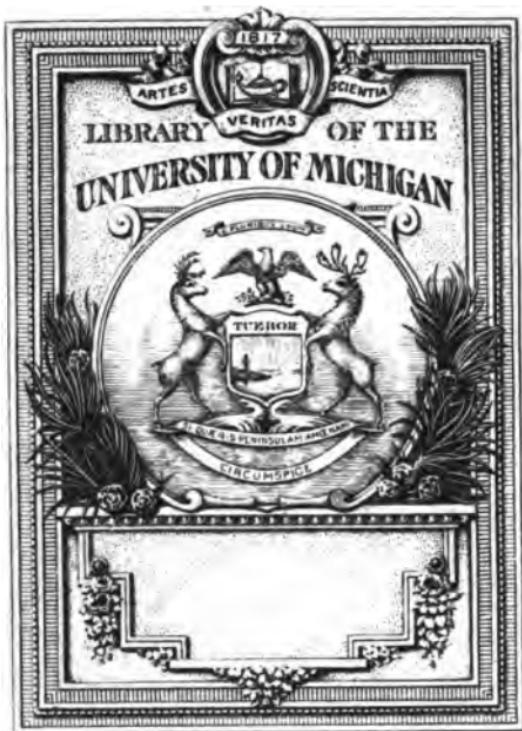
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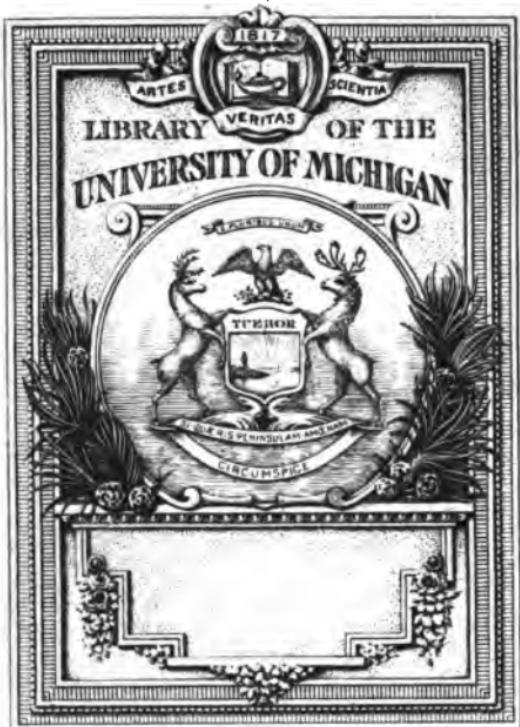
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O N  
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



P O E M S  
O N  
SEVERAL OCCASIONS



P O E M S  
ON  
SEVERAL OCCASION



P O E M S  
O N  
SEVERAL OCCASIONS

MONDAY, JULY 10,

# P O E M S

O N

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By THOMAS BLACKLOCK,  
Student of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

Τὸν πέρι Μῆσον ἐφίλησε, δίδει δὲ ἀγαθόν τε, κακόν τε,  
Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἀμερσε, δίδει δὲ ἡδεῖαν αἰοιδῆν.

HOMER, Odyss. 9.

Up:

*EDINBURGH:*

Printed by HAMILTON, BALFOUR and NEILL,  
M,DCC,LIV.

MEMORANDUM

# P O E M S

O N

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By THOMAS BLACKLOCK,  
Student of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

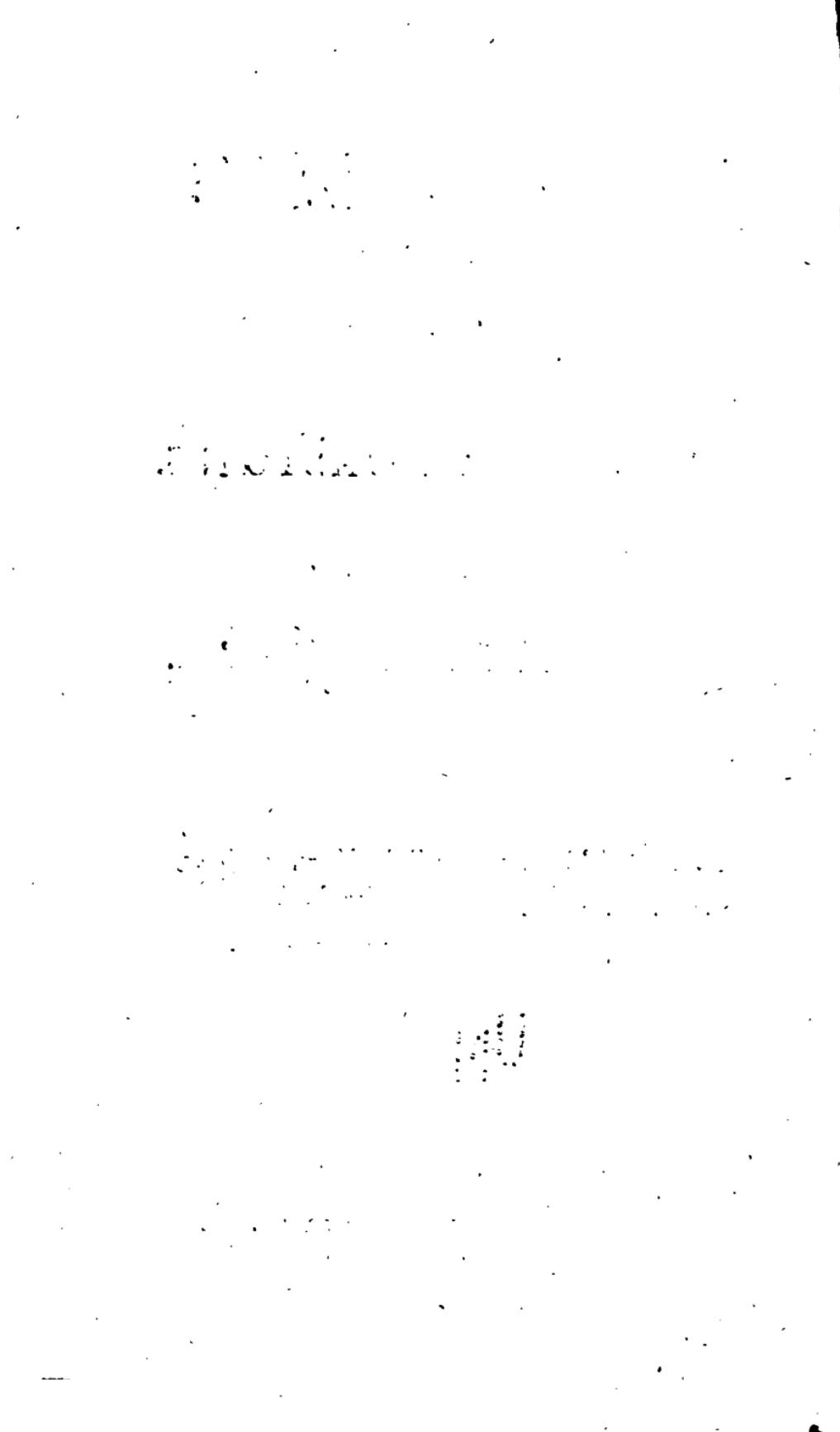
Τὸν πίει Μῆσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδε δ' ἀγαθόν τε, κακόν τε,  
Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἀμερσε, δίδε δ' ἡδεῖαν αἰοιδῆν.

HOMER, Odyss. 9.



*EDINBURGH:*

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## To the PUBLISHER.

SIR,

SINCE my arrival from the country, I have been informed, that Mr. BLACKLOCK proposes to send a new edition of his poetical performances into the world, without either preface or introduction. I am ignorant what motives may influence him to this; except, perhaps, the great difficulty which a man finds in speaking with propriety of himself and his own productions. However, I cannot forbear thinking, that the singularity of Mr. BLACKLOCK's circumstances will, not only render a short account of him and his performances acceptable to the curious reader, but recommend his talents more to public observation. From this last consideration I think myself bound in friendship to send you a few hints upon that subject, which you may throw into whatever form you shall see convenient.

OUR Author was born in the town of *Annan*, 10th Nov. 1721. His Relations, tho' not altogether obscure, were yet more distinguished for innocence of life and integrity

gility of manners, than either by their fortune or station in the world. His Parents proposed, even from his birth, to bestow such an education upon their Son, as might at once render him useful and independent. But, alas ! those fond prospects were early blasted : for scarcely had he enjoyed the light of heaven five months, when he was deprived of it by the small-pox ; and reduced to that forlorn situation so feelingly described by himself in his Soliloquy \*.

His thoughts, therefore, were early and anxiously taken up with the unpleasing prospect of his future fortune, except when more agreeably diverted by reading, or the conversation of a few intimate friends. He soon began to discover a fondness for Poetry ; and, when he met with any thing striking in that way ( to use an expression of his own) he was at once enchanted with its harmony, and kindled with its enthusiasm. Nor did his fondness stop here : for, from admiring, he was soon led to imitate ; and, when scarce twelve years of age, he began to indulge his imagination in verse. But those little Essays, which were the product of that period of his life, tho' some of them have now a place amongst his other works †, were only intended

\* See Page 143—145.

† Page 73.

ed for his own amusement, and industriously kept from the view of all, except a few of his greatest confidents. These encouraged his growing inclination for Poetry, and flattered him from time to time with the alluring hopes, that those little excursions of his untutored fancy were presages of a real genius.

THUS, contented with the mere pleasure of composing and the approbation of a few friends, he continued till the year 1740, when his Father died. This, joined to a train of other circumstances too tedious to mention, forced him out of that privacy and retirement which favoured his own inclination; and obliged him to enlarge the sphere of his acquaintance. In consequence of which, some of his performances fell into the hands of those who had taste enough to approve them, and humanity enough to wish his genius in circumstances more favourable for its cultivation. But their good wishes, however sincere, contributed little to his advantage, till he was sent for to *Edinburgh* by that Gentleman to whom his first ODE is inscribed; who, with uncommon generosity, indulged him in every thing necessary to life and education for four years. After his return from thence, *anno* 1745, while his application to learning was retarded by the disorder

order of the times, he published a Collection of Poems at *Glasgow* : most of which, with the addition of several new pieces, will make up the Volume you are just now printing ; but the former considerably improved by corrections. Since that period, he has continued six seasons at the university, studying with particular attention most branches of polite literature ; at the same time not unmindful of Poetry, his favourite pursuit.

INDIGENT circumstances and a dependent situation must, of themselves, greatly depress the sublimest genius, and check the most lively sallies of imagination : but when these are joined (as in the case of our Author) with a total deprivation of sight, and that from the earliest infancy ; these exertions of genius which display themselves thro' his poems, and would gain applause to another possessed of common advantages, must in him command our admiration.

As it is by the senses alone we receive those various impressions which furnish the soul with its first stock of ideas, and occasion those pleasing sensations which make up a great part of human happiness ; where any of these avenues of perception are obstructed, the mind, so unfortunately situated, must, of

of consequence, be cut off from many advantages in point of knowledge and pleasure, which are enjoyed by the rest of mankind. But, of all the senses, sight is universally esteemed the most valuable; as it not only furnishes our mind with the greatest variety of ideas, but is, besides, a source of the most transporting pleasures. 'Tis from this source, likewise, all such materials must be derived, as are necessary to awaken the genius, and enliven the fancy of those who would excel in works of imagination.

MILTON very pathetically represents the use and pleasure which attend the possession of this faculty, in his Third Book of *Paradise Lost*.

IT is generally agreed, that HOMER, for a considerable time, enjoyed the privilege of sight; and 'tis known, that MILTON retained the use of his, till he arrived at a pretty advanced age: so that each of these great poets had sufficient time to lay in a full store of all those beautiful images and allusions, which so heighten and animate their several descriptions: images and allusions derived, not only from nature's productions, but likewise drawn from the imitative arts. For, as the same genius naturally pays court to all  
b  
those

those daughters of APOLLO, and as they mutually reflect a lustre upon each other ; that Poet must be at a considerable loss, who can neither be elevated with the pleasure, nor allude to the beauties of painting, sculpture, or architecture : not to mention the advantages arising from travel, and a thorough knowledge of the world, which are never to be obtained without the use of sight.

"Tis true, that, by means of a lively description, we can, as it were, be transported thro' the whole circle of nature ; or led into scenes where we may view an assemblage of all those beauties united, which, scattered as they are, serve to imbellish the whole creation. But then, it must be observed, that those pleasing images can never be painted in a mind that has not been previously acquainted with objects which are, at least, similar to those described : far less, one would think, can it be expected from any in such circumstances to speak distinctly of those very things, of which they have not faculties sufficient to convey the smallest conceptions to themselves. And yet, as has been justly observed concerning some of those performances which are the subject of this letter, " It must be matter of amusement to the curious Reader, to remark how well the Poet describes

\* scribes objects which he never saw, and expresses, so as to be understood by others, those ideas which he himself could never conceive."

WERE I to descend to a more particular criticism on his performances, I should only anticipate the judgment of the Reader, or repeat what has already been often said to the advantage of those formerly published. But, as DRYDEN says,

Poets lose half the praise they would have got,  
Were it but known what they discreetly blot.

And, indeed, those productions which he has determined shall never see the light, for reasons that could only affect a very delicate mind, abound with so many poetical beauties, that nothing can do him greater honour. Yet I must still except his private character; which, were it generally known, would recommend him more to the public esteem, than the united talents of an accomplished writer.

I have often thought, that persons possessed of a large share of benevolence, but labouring under a narrow fortune, suffer more sensibly from being denied the generous pleasure of communicating happiness to others, than from the inconveniences which it may occasion

occasion to themselves. I have been more confirmed in this opinion, when I have heard our Poet repeat with great fervency the following lines, while, at the same time, not one murmur stole from him with respect to himself :

Eternal \* King ! is there one hour  
 To make me greatly blest ;  
 When I shall have it in my pow' ;  
 To succour the distrest ?  
 In vain, alas ! my heart o'erflows  
 With useless tenderness :  
 Why must I feel another's woes,  
 And cannot make them less ?  
 Yet I this torture must endure :  
 'Tis not reserv'd for me,  
 To ease the sighing of the poor ;  
 And set the pris'ner free.

THE many hours of pleasure I have often enjoyed in Mr. BLACKLOCK's company, have made me as often regret, that one, whose uncommon genius, whose extensive knowledge, whose refined taste and virtuous dispositions render him so well qualified to be useful to mankind, should, nevertheless, be so little known, or distinguished in the world.

I am, SIR, Your's, &c.

DUMFRIES,  
 Dec. 15. 1753.

G. G—N.

\* From HIBERNICUS's Letters.

(Gilbert Gordon)

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P O E M S

P O E M S  
O N  
S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S.

H O R A C E , O D E I. I M I T A T E D .

Inscribed to

Dr. JOHN STEVENSON Physician in Edinburgh.

O FRIEND to freedom's sacred cause !  
Who nobly arm'd for injur'd laws ;  
By whose indulgence I aspire  
To strike the sweet Horatian lyre :

THERE are who on th' Olympic plain  
Delight the chariot's speed to rein ;  
Involv'd in glorious dust, to roll ;  
To turn with glowing wheel the goal ;  
Who by repeated trophies rise,  
And share with Gods their pomp and skies.  
This, if the changeful crowd admire,  
Fermented ev'n to mad desire,

A

Their

Their fool or villain to elate  
To all the honours of the state ;  
That, if his granary secures  
Whate'er th' autumnal sun matures,  
Pleas'd his paternal field to plow,  
Remote from each ambitious view ;  
Vast India's wealth would bribe in vain,  
To launch the bark, and cut the main.

THE merchant, while the western breeze  
Foments to rage th' Icarian seas,  
Urg'd by th' impending hand of fate,  
Extolls to heav'n his country-seat,  
Its sweet retirement, fearleſs ease,  
The fields, the air, the streams, the trees ;  
Yet fits the shatter'd bark again,  
Resolv'd to brave the tumid main,  
Resolv'd all hazards to endure,  
Nor shun a plague, but, to be poor.

ONE with the free, the gen'rous bowl,  
Absorbs his cares, and warms his soul :  
Now wrapt in ease, supinely laid  
Beneath the myrtle's am'rous shade ;  
Now where some sacred fountain flows,  
Whose cadence soft invites repose ;

While

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 3

While half the sultry summer's day  
On silent pinions steals away.

SOME bosoms boast a nobler flame,  
In fields of death to toil for fame,  
In war's grim front to tempt their fate,  
Curst war ! which brides and mothers hate :  
As in each kindling hero's fight  
Already glows the promis'd fight,  
Their hearts with more than transport bound,  
While drums and trumpets mix their sound.

UNMINDFUL of his tender wife,  
And ev'ry home-felt bliss of life,  
The huntsman, in th' unshelter'd plains,  
Heav'n's whole inclemency sustains ;  
Now scales the steepy mountain's side,  
Now tempts the torrent's headlong tide ;  
Whether his faithful hounds in view,  
With speed some timid prey pursue ;  
Or, if some monster of the wood  
At once his hopes and snares elude.

GOOD to bestow, like heav'n, is thine,  
Concurring in one great design ;  
To cool the fever's burning rage,  
To knit the feeble nerves of age,

To

To bid young health, with pleasure crown'd,  
In rosy lustre smile around.

My humbler function shall I name,  
My sole delight, my highest aim ?  
Inspir'd through breezy shades to stray,  
Where choral nymphs and graces play ;  
Above th' unthinking herd to soar,  
Who sink forgot, and are no more ;  
To snatch from fate an honest fame,  
Is all I hope, and all I claim ;  
If to my vows EUTERPE deign  
The Doric reed's mellifluent strain,  
Nor POLYHYMNIA, darling Muse !  
To tune the Lesbian harp refuse.  
But, if you rank me with the choir,  
Who touch with happy hand the lyre ;  
Exulting to the starry frame,  
Sustain'd by all the wings of fame,  
With bays adorn'd I then shall soar,  
Obscure, depress'd, and scorn'd no more ;  
While envy, vainly merit's foe,  
With sable wings shall flag below ;  
And, doom'd to breathe a grosser air,  
To reach my glorious height, despair.

P S A L M I. IMITATED.

**H**OW blest the man, how more than blest !  
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ ;  
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,  
And smiling conscience whispers peace and joy.

Fair rectitude's unerring way  
His heav'n-conducted steps pursue ;  
While crowds in guilt and error stray,  
Unstain'd his soul, and undeceiv'd his view.

While with unmeaning laughter gay,  
Scorn, on her throne erected high,  
Emits a false delusive ray,  
To catch th' astonish'd gaze of folly's eye ;

Deep in herself his soul retir'd,  
Unmov'd beholds the meteor blaze,  
And, with all-perfect beauty fir'd,  
Nature, and nature's God, intent surveys.

Him from high heav'n, her native seat,  
Eternal wisdom's self inspires ;  
While he with purpose fix'd as fate,  
Pursues her dictates, and her charms admires.

In sunshine mild, and temp'rate air,  
Where some refreshing fountain flows,  
So, nurst by nature's tend'rest care,  
A lofty tree with autumn's treasure glows.

Around its boughs the summer gale  
With pleasure waves the genial wing ;  
There no unfriendly colds prevail,  
To chill the vigour of its endless spring.

Amid its hospitable shade,  
Heav'n's sweetest warblers tune the lay ;  
Nor shall its honours ever fade,  
Nor immature its plenteous fruit decay.

By God's almighty arm sustain'd,  
Thus virtue soon or late shall rise ;  
Enjoy her conquest nobly gain'd,  
And share immortal triumph in the skies.

But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,  
Who vice's tempting call obey,  
A diff'rent fate shall quickly find,  
To ev'ry roaring storm an easy prey.

Thus,

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 7

Thus, when the warring winds arise,  
With all their lawless fury driv'n,  
Light chaff or dust incessant flies,  
Whirl'd in swift eddies thro' the vault of heav'n.

When in tremendous pomp array'd,  
Descending from the op'ning sky,  
With full omnipotence display'd,  
Her God shall call on nature to reply:

Then vice, with shame and grief depreſſ'd,  
Transfix'd with horror and despair,  
Shall feel hell kindling in her breast,  
Nor to her judge prefer her trembling pray'r:

For, with a father's fond regard,  
To bliss he views fair virtue tend;  
While vice obtains her just reward,  
And all her paths in deep perdition end.

AN

## An HYMN to the SUPREME BEING.

In IMITATION of the CIV. Psalm.

*Quid prius dicam solitis parentis  
 Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,  
 Qui mare et terras, variisque mundum  
 Temperat boris?*

HOR.

**A**RISE, my soul! on wings seraphic rise,  
 And praise th' almighty Sov'reign of the skies ;  
 In whom alone essential glory shines,  
 Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless space  
 confines.

WHEN darkness rul'd with universal sway,  
 He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day,  
 First, fairest offspring of th' omnific word !  
 Which like a garment cloath'd its Sov'reign Lord.  
 On liquid air he bade the columns rise,  
 That prop the starry concave of the skies ;  
 Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,  
 And spread circumfluent æther round the whole.

SOON as he bids impetuous whirlwinds fly,  
 To wing his sounding chariot thro' the sky ;  
 Impetuous

Impetuous whirlwinds the command obey,  
 Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way.  
 Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,  
 Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly  
 From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,  
 As lightning swift; resistless as the wind.

IN ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,  
 And bade its center rest for ever strong ;  
 Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain  
 Assault the basis of the firm machine.

AT thy almighty voice old ocean raves,  
 Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves ;  
 Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,  
 And shoreless ocean revels round the globe ;  
 O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,  
 Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.  
 But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,  
 That shook th' eternal firmament of heav'n ;  
 The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,  
 And in confusion scour their uncouth way ;  
 And posting rapid to the place decreed,  
 Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble mead.  
 Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside,  
 The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,

Restrain its rage ; whilst, with incessant roar,  
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.

By him, from mountains cloath'd in lucid snow,  
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.

HERE the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,  
That revels boundless o'er the wide campaign,  
Imbibes the silver surge, with heat oppress'd,  
To cool the fever of his glowing breast.

HERE rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,  
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide ;  
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay :  
And, while thy praise they symphonize around,  
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.  
Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends,  
Its tinctures brightens, and its arch extends :  
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,  
Soften the hills, and cheer the meads below :  
By genial fervour and prolific rain,  
Swift vegetation runs thro' all the plain :  
Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,  
And still is pregnant, tho' she still bestows.

HERE verdant pastures wide extended lye,  
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.

Luxuriant

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 11

Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,  
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care :  
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,  
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.  
Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,  
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.  
Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding air  
With artful toil their little domes prepare ;  
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse the ri-  
sing care.

Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,  
While timid conies scour the plains below,  
Or in the pendent rock elude the scenting foe.

He bade the silver majesty of night  
Revolve her circles, and encrease her light ;  
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,  
And taught the sun to regulate the year.  
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,  
Primaeval night resumes her gloomy reign :  
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,  
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,  
Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase their  
frighted prey.

Here

Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,  
 Taught from thy providence to ask his food ;  
 To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,  
 He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes ;  
 He roars ; the desert trembles wide around,  
 And reverberative hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,  
 And joyful, nature hails the op'ning morn :  
 The rovers, conscious of approaching day,  
 Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.  
 Laborious man with mod'rate slumber blest,  
 Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest ;  
 Till grateful ev'ning, with her argent train,  
 Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.

“ Hail ! sovereign goodness, all productive mind !  
 On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find ;  
 How various all, how variously endow'd,  
 How great their number, and each part how good !  
 How perfect then must the great Parent shine,  
 Who, with one act of energy divine,  
 Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design !”

WHERE'ER the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,  
 Unbounded goodness rises to my view ;

Nor

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 13

Nor does our world alone its influence share ;  
Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care,  
Extends thro' all th' infinitude of space,  
And circles nature with a kind embrace.

THE azure kingdoms of the deep below,  
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show ;  
Here multitudes of various beings stray,  
 Crowd the profound, or on the surface play :  
Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,  
And ev'ry product waft from ev'ry shore ;  
Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,  
For the mild charms of cultivated life ;  
Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,  
And India joins in friendship with the pole .  
Here the huge potent of the scaly train  
Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main  
An animated isle, and in his way,  
Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea :  
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,  
Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,  
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks with conscious pride,  
The volley'd lightning, and the surging tide ;  
And, while the wrathful elements engage,  
Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage,

All those thy watchful providence supplies,  
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes ;  
For them thou op'nest thy exhaustless store,  
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.

BUT, if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,  
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,  
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,  
And vents her grief in universal cries :  
Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,  
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign ;  
Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,  
And all their hosts to native dust return.

BUT when again thy glory is display'd,  
Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head ;  
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,  
And life rekindles at the genial ray :  
United thanks replenish'd nature pays,  
And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise.

WHEN time shall in eternity be lost,  
And hoary nature languish into dust ;  
For ever young thy glory shall remain,  
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.

Thou, from the regions of eternal day,  
View'st all thy works at one immense survey :

.Pleas'd

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 15

Pleas'd, thou behold'st the whole propensely tend  
To perfect happiness, its glorious end.

If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,  
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies :  
Thou smit'st the hills, and, at th' Almighty blow,  
Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.

WHILE this immortal spark of heav'nly flame  
Distends my breast, and animates my frame ;  
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne  
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn :  
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,  
And nature in full choir shall join around.  
When full of thee my soul excursive flies  
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies ;  
From world to world, new wonders still I find,  
And all the God-head flashes on my mind.  
When wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take its flight,  
To the deep bosom of eternal night,  
To thee my soul shall endless praises pay :  
Join, men and angles, join th' exalted lay !

P S A L M

## P S A L M CXXXIX. IMITATED.

**M**E, O my God ! thy piercing eye,  
 In motion, or at rest surveys ;  
 If to the lonely couch I fly,  
 Or travel through frequented ways ;  
 Where'er I move, thy boundless reign,  
 Thy mighty presence circles all the scene.

Where shall my thoughts from thee retire,  
 Whose view pervades my inmost heart !  
 The latent, kindling, young desire,  
 The word, ere from my lips it part,  
 To thee their various forms display,  
 And shine reveal'd in thy unclouded day.

Behind me if I turn my eyes,  
 Or forward bend my wand'ring sight,  
 Whatever objects round me rise  
 Through the wide fields of air and light ;  
 With thee impress'd each various frame,  
 The forming, moving, present God proclaim.

Father

Father of all, omniscient Mind,  
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?  
Its highest point what eye can find,  
Or to its lowest depths descend?  
That wisdom, which, ere things began,  
Saw full exprest th' all-comprehending plan!

What dark recess, what distant clime,  
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?  
What cave profound, what star sublime,  
Shall hide me from thy boundless view?  
Where from thy spirit shall I fly,  
Diffusive, vital, felt thro' earth and sky?

If up to heav'n's aetherial height,  
Thy prospect to elude, I rise,  
In splendour there, severely bright,  
Thy presence shall my sight surprise:  
There, beaming from their source divine,  
In full meridian, light and beauty shine.

Beneath the pendent globe if laid,  
If plung'd in hell's abyss profound,  
I call on night's impervious shade  
To spread essential blackness round;  
Conspicuous to thy wide survey,  
Ev'n hell's grim horrors kindle into day.

Thee, mighty God ! my wond'ring soul,  
 Thee, all her conscious pow'rs adore ;  
 Whose being circumscribes the whole,  
 Whose eyes its utmost bounds explore :  
 Alike illum'd by native light,  
 Amid the sun's full blaze, or gloom of night.

If through the fields of aether borne,  
 The living winds my flight sustain ;  
 If on the rosy wings of morn,  
 I seek the distant western main ;  
 There, O my God ! thou still art found,  
 Thy pow'r upholds me, and thy arms surround.

Thy essence fills this breathing frame,  
 It glows in ev'ry conscious part ;  
 Lights up my soul with livelier flame,  
 And feeds with life my beating heart :  
 Unfelt along my veins it glides,  
 And through their mazes rolls the purple tides.

While, in the silent womb inclos'd,  
 A growing embrio yet I lay,  
 Thy hand my various parts dispos'd,  
 Thy breath infus'd life's genial ray ;  
 Till, finish'd by thy wond'rous plan,  
 I rose the dread majestic form of man.

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 19.

To thee, from whom my being came,  
Whose smile is all the heav'n I know,  
Replete with all my wond'rous theme,  
To thee my votive strains shall flow :  
Great ARCHETYPE ! who first design'd,  
Expressive of thy glory, human kind.

Who can the stars of heav'n explore,  
The flow'r's that deck the verdant plain,  
Th' unnumber'd sands that form the shore,  
The drops that swell the spacious main ?  
Let him thy wonders publish round,  
Till earth and heav'n's eternal throne resound.

As subterraneous flames confin'd,  
From earth's dark womb impetuous rise,  
The conflagration, fann'd by wind,  
Wraps realms, and blazes to the skies :  
In lightning's flash, and thunder's roar,  
Thus vice shall feel the tempest of thy pow'r.

Fly then, as far as pole from pole,  
Ye sons of slaughter, quick retire ;  
At whose approach my kindling soul  
Awakes to unextinguish'd ire :  
Fly ; nor provoke the thunder's aim,  
You, who in scorn pronounce th' Almighty's name.

The

The wretch, who dares thy pow'r defy,  
And on thy vengeance loudly call,  
On him nor pity's melting eye,  
Nor partial favour e'er shall fall :  
Still shall thy foes be mine, still share  
Unpity'd torture, and unmixt despair.

Behold, O God ! behold me stand,  
And to thy strict regard disclose  
Whate'er was acted by my hand,  
Whate'er my inmost thoughts propose :  
If vice indulg'd their candour stain,  
Be all my portion bitterness and pain.

But, O ! if nature, weak and frail,  
To strong temptations oft give way ;  
If doubt or passion oft prevail,  
O'er wand'ring reason's feeble ray :  
Let not thy frowns my fault reprove,  
But guide thy CREATURE with a FATHER's love.

An

AN HYMN TO DIVINE LOVE,

In imitation of SPENSER.

I.

**N**O more of lower flames, whose pleasing rage  
With sighs and soft complaints I weakly fed ;  
At whose unworthy shrine, my budding age,  
And willing Muse their first devotion paid.  
Fly, nurse of madness, to eternal shade :  
Far from my soul abjur'd and banish'd fly,  
And yield to nobler fires, that lift the soul more high,

II.

O LOVE ! coeval with thy parent God,  
To thee I kneel, thy present aid implore ;  
At whose celestial voice and pow'rful nod,  
Old discord fled, and chaos ceas'd to roar,  
Light smil'd, and order rose, unseen before,  
But in the plan of the eternal Mind,  
When God design'd the work, and lov'd the work  
design'd.

III. Thou

## III.

Thou fill'd'st the waste of ocean, earth, and air,  
 With multitudes that swim, or walk, or fly :  
 From rolling worlds descends thy gen'rous care,  
 To insect crowds that 'scape the nicest eye :  
 For each a sphere was circumscrib'd by thee,  
     To bless, and to be bless'd their noblest end ;  
     To which, with speedy course, they all unerring tend.

## IV.

Conscious of thee, with nobler pow'r's endu'd,  
 Next man, thy darling, into being rose,  
 Immortal, form'd for high beatitude,  
 Which neither end nor interruption knows, . . . .  
 Till evil couch'd in fraud began his woes :  
     Then to thy aid was boundless wisdom join'd,  
     And for apostate man redemption thus design'd.

## V.

By thee, his glories veil'd in mortal shroud,  
 God's darling offspring left his seat on high ;  
 And heav'n and earth, amaz'd and trembling, view'd  
 Their wounded Sov'reign groan, and bleed, and die.  
 By thee, in triumph to his native sky,  
     On angels wings, the victor God aspir'd,  
     Relenting justice smil'd, and frowning wrath retir'd.

## VI. To

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 23

### VI.

To thee, munific, ever-flaming LOVE !  
One endless hymn united nature sings :  
To thee the bright inhabitants above  
Tune the glad voice, and sweep the warbling strings.  
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings,  
Winds waft thy praise, by rolling planets tun'd ;  
Aid then, O LOVE ! my voice to emulate the sound.

### VII.

It comes ! it comes ! I feel internal day ;  
Transfusive warmth through all my bosom glows ;  
My soul expanding gives the torrent way ;  
Thro' all my veins it kindles as it flows.  
Thus, ravish'd from the scene of night and woes  
Oh ! snatch me, bear me to thy happy reign ;  
There teach my tongue thy praise in more exalted  
strain.

An

## An HYMN to BENEVOLENCE.

**H**A IL! source of transport ever new ;  
 While I thy strong impulse pursue,  
 I taste a joy sincere ;  
 Too vast for little minds to know,  
 Who on themselves alone bestow  
 Their wishes and their care.

Daughter of God ! delight of man !  
 From thee felicity began ;  
 Which still thy hand sustains :  
 By thee sweet Peace her empire spread,  
 Fair Science rais'd her laurel'd head,  
 And Discord gnash'd in chains.

Far as the pointed sun-beam flies  
 Through peopled earth and starry skies,  
 All nature owns thy nod :  
 We see its energy prevail  
 Through Being's ever-rising scale,  
 From nothing ev'n to God.

Envy

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 25

Envy, that tortures her own heart  
With plagues and ever-burning smart,  
Thy charms divine expel :  
Aghast she shuts her livid eyes,  
And, wing'd with tenfold fury, flys  
To native night and hell.

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,  
In blessing others only blest,  
With goodness large and free,  
Delights the widow's tears to stay,  
To teach the blind their smoothest way,  
And aid the feeble knee.

O come ! and o'er my bosom reign,  
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,  
Through ev'ry action shine ;  
Each low, each selfish wish controul,  
With all thy essence warm my soul,  
And make me wholly thine.

Nor let fair Virtue's mortal bane,  
The soul-contracting thirst of gain,  
My faintest wishes sway ;  
By her possest'd, ere hearts refine,  
In hell's dark depth shall mercy shine,  
And kindle endless day.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,  
 Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,  
 Nor with their pleasures glow :  
 Banish'd from God, from bliss, and thee,  
 My own tormentor let me be,  
 And groan in hopeless woe.

## AN HYMN TO FORTITUDE.

**N**IGHT, brooding o'er her mute domain,  
 In rayless silence wraps her reign ;  
 Clouds press on clouds, and, as they rise,  
 Condense to solid gloom the skies.

PORTENTOUS, through the foggy air,  
 To wake the Daemon of despair,  
 The raven hoarse, and boding owl,  
 To HECATE curst anthems howl.

INTENT with execrable art,  
 To burn the veins, and tear the heart,  
 The witch, unhallow'd bones to raise,  
 Through fun'ral vaults and charnels strays ;  
 Calls the damn'd shade from ev'ry cell,  
 And adds new labours to their hell.

AND,

AND, shield me heav'n ! what hollow sound,  
 Like fate's dread knell, runs echoing round ?  
 The bell strikes one, that magic hour,  
 When rising fiends exert their pow'r.  
 And now, sure now, some cause unblest  
 Breathes more than horror thro' my breast ;  
 How deep the breeze ! how dim the light !  
 What spectres swim before my sight !  
 My frozen limbs pale terror chains,  
 And in wild eddies wheels my brains ;  
 My icy blood forgets to roll,  
 And death ev'n seems to seize my foul,  
 What sacred pow'r, what healing art,  
 Shall bid my soul herself assert ;  
 Shall rouze th' immortal active flame,  
 And teach her whence her being came ?  
 O FORTITUDE ! divinely bright,  
 O Virtue's child, and man's delight !  
 Descend, an amicable guest,  
 And with thy firmness steel my breast :  
 Descend, propitious to my lays,  
 And, while my lyre resounds thy praise,  
 With energy divinely strong  
 Exalt my soul, and warm my song.

WHEN raving in eternal pains,  
 And loaded with ten thousand chains.  
 Vice, deep in PHLEGETON, yet lay,  
 Nor with her visage blasted day ;  
 No fear to guiltless man was known,  
 For God and Virtue reign'd alone.  
 But, when from native flames and night,  
 The cursed monster wing'd her flight,  
 Pale Fear, among her hideous train,  
 Chas'd sweet Contentment from her reign ;  
 Plac'd death and hell before each eye,  
 And wrapt in mist the golden sky ;  
 Banish'd from day each dear delight,  
 And shook with conscious starts the night.

WHEN, from th' imperial seats on high,  
 The Lord of nature turn'd his eye,  
 To view the state of things below ;  
 Still blest to make his creatures so ;  
 From earth he saw ASTRAEA fly,  
 And seek her mansions in the sky ;  
 Peace, crown'd with olives, left her throne,  
 And white-rob'd Innocence was gone :  
 While Vice, reveal'd in open day,  
 Sole tyrant, rul'd with iron sway ;

And

And Virtue veil'd her weeping charms,  
And fled for refuge to his arms,  
Her altars scorn'd, her shrines defac'd,  
Whom thus th' essential Good address'd,  
“ THOU, whom my soul adores alone,  
Effulgent sharer of my throne,  
Fair empress of eternity !  
Who uncreated reign'ft like me ;  
Whom I, who sole and boundless sway,  
With pleasure infinite obey ;  
To yon diurnal scenes below,  
Who feel their folly in their woe,  
Again propitious turn thy flight,  
Again oppose yon tyrant's might ;  
To earth thy cloudless charms disclose,  
Revive thy friends, and blast thy foes :  
Thy triumphs man shall raptur'd see,  
Act, suffer, live, and die for thee.  
But since all crimes their hell contain,  
Since all must feel who merit pain,  
Let FORTITUDE thy steps attend,  
And be, like thee, to man a friend ;  
To urge him on the arduous road,  
That leads to virtue, bliss, and God ;

To blunt the sting of ev'ry grief,  
And be to all a near relief."

He said ; and she, with smiles divine,  
Which made all heav'n more brightly shine,  
To earth return'd with all her train,  
And brought the golden age again.  
Since erring mortals, unconstrain'd,  
The God, that warms their breast, profan'd,  
She, guardian of their joys no more,  
Could only leave them, and deplore :  
They, now the easy prey of pain,  
Curst in their wish, their choice obtain ;  
Till, arm'd with heav'n and fate, she came  
Her destin'd honours to reclaim.  
Vice and her slaves beheld her flight,  
And fled like birds obscene from light,  
Back to th' abode of plagues return,  
To sin and smart, blaspheme and burn.

Thou, Goddeſ ! ſince, with ſacred aid,  
Hast ev'ry grief and pain allay'd,  
To joy converted ev'ry smart,  
And plac'd a heav'n in ev'ry heart :  
By thee we act, by thee ſustain,  
Thou ſacred antidote of pain !

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 31

At thy great nod the \* ALPS subside,  
Reluctant rivers turn their tide ;  
With all thy force ALCIDES warm'd,  
Alone against oppression arm'd :  
By thee his mighty nerves were strung,  
By thee his strength for ever young ;  
While on gigantic vice he press'd,  
His vigour with his foes increas'd.  
By thee, like Jove's almighty hand,  
Ambition's havock to withstand,  
† TIMOLEON rose, the scourge of fate,  
And hurl'd a tyrant from his state ;  
The brother in his soul subdu'd,  
And warm'd the poniard in his blood ;  
A soul by so much virtue fir'd,  
Not GREECE alone, but Heav'n admir'd.

BUT in those dregs of human kind,  
Those days to guilt and fear resign'd,  
How rare such views the heart expand !  
In danger's front unmov'd to stand ;

Like

\* Alluding to the history of HANNIBAL.

† TIMOLEON, having long in vain importun'd his brother to resign the despotism of SYRACUSE, at last restored the liberty of the people, by stabbing him. *Vid. PLUT.*

Like heav'n's almighty pow'r, serene;  
With fix'd regard to view the scene,  
When nature quakes beneath the storm;  
And horror wears its direst form.  
  
Though future worlds are now descry'd,  
Though PAUL has writ, and JESUS dy'd;  
Dispell'd the dark infernal shade,  
And all the heav'n of heav'ns display'd ;  
Curst with unnumber'd groundless fears,  
How pale yon shiv'ring wretch appears !  
For him the day-light shines in vain,  
For him the fields no joys contain ;  
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,  
No more the woods their music boast ;  
No more the meads their vernal bloom,  
No more the gales their rich perfume :  
Impending mists deform the sky,  
And beauty withers in his eye.  
  
In hopes his terror to elude,  
By day he mingles with the crowd ;  
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,  
In busy crowds, and open day.  
If night alone his walk surprise,  
What horrid visions round him rise !

That

That blasted oak, which meets his way,  
Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,  
The midnight murd'r'r's known retreat,  
Felt heav'n's avengeful bolt of late ;  
The clashing chain, the groan profound,  
Loud from yon ruin'd tow'r resound ;  
And now the spot he seems to tread,  
Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid :  
Beneath his steps earth seems to bend,  
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend ;  
Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd,  
Sees lurid phantoms crowd the shade ;  
While shrouded *manes* palely stare,  
And beck'ning wish to breathe their care :  
Thus real woes from false he bears,  
And feels the death, the hell he fears.

O thou ! whose spirit warms my song,  
With energy divinely strong  
Erect his soul, confirm his breast,  
And let him know the sweets of rest ;  
Till ev'ry human pain and care,  
All that may be, and all that are,  
But false imagin'd ills appear  
Beneath our hope, our grief, or fear.

And, if I right invoke thy aid,  
By thee be all my woes allay'd ;  
With scorn instruct me to defy  
Imposing fear, and lawless joy ;  
To struggle thro' this scene of strife,  
The pains of death, the pangs of life ;  
With constant brow to meet my fate,  
And meet still more, EUANTHE's hate.  
And, when some swain her charms shall claim,  
Who feels not half my gen'rous flame,  
Whose cares her angel-voice beguiles,  
On whom she bends her heav'nly smiles ;  
For whom she weeps, for whom she glows,  
On whom her treasur'd soul bestows ;  
When perfect mutual joy they share,  
Ah ! joy enhanc'd by my despair !  
Mix beings in each flaming kiss,  
And blest still rise to higher bliss :  
Then, then, exert thy utmost pow'r,  
And teach me being to endure ;  
Lest reason from the helm should start,  
And lawless fury rule my heart ;  
Lest madness all my soul subdue,  
To ask her Maker, What dost thou ?

Yet,

Yet, couldst thou in that dreadful hour,  
On my rack'd soul all LETHE pour,  
Or fan me with the gelid breeze,  
That chains in ice th' indignant seas ;  
Or wrap my heart in tenfold steel,  
I still am man, and still must feel.

THE WISH SATISFIED:

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

TOO long, my soul ! thou'rt tost below,  
From hope to hope, from fear to fear :  
How great, how lasting ev'ry woe !  
Each joy how short, how insincere !

II.

Turn around thy searching eyes  
Thro' all the bright varieties ;  
And, with exactest care,  
Select from all the shining crowd,  
Some lasting joy, some sov'reign good,  
And fix thy wishes there.

III. With

For something still unknown I sigh,  
 Beyond what strikes the touch, the ear, the eye :  
 Whence shall I seek, or how pursue  
 The phantom, that eludes my view,  
 And cheats my fond embrace ?

## VIII.

Thus, while her wanton toils fond pleasure spread,  
 By sense and passion blindly led,  
 I chac'd the Syren thro' the flow'ry maze,  
 And courted death ten thousand ways :  
 Kind heav'n beheld, with pitying eyes,  
 My restless toil, my fruitless sighs ;  
 And, from the realms of endless day,  
 A bright Immortal wing'd his way ;  
 Swift as a sun-beam down he flew,  
 And stood disclos'd, effulgent to my view.

## IX.

Fond man, he cry'd, thy fruitless search forbear ;  
 Nor vainly hope, within this narrow sphere,  
 A certain happiness to find,  
 Unbounded as thy wish, eternal as thy mind :  
 In God, in perfect good alone,  
 The anxious soul can find repose ;  
 Nor to a bliss beneath his throne,  
 One hour of full enjoyment owes :

He,

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 39

He, only he, can fill each wide desire,  
Who to each wish its being gave ;  
Not all the charms which mortal wishes fire,  
Not all which angels in the skies admire,  
But God's paternal smile, can bid it cease to crave.  
Him then pursue, without delay ;  
He is thy prize, and virtue is thy way.  
Then to the winds his radiant plumes he spread,  
And from my wond'ring eyes, more swift than  
lightning, fled.

## TO HAPPINESS: AN ODE.

### I.

THE morning dawns, the ev'ning shades  
Fair Nature's various face disguise ;  
No scene to rest my heart persuades,  
No moment frees from tears my eyes :  
Whate'er once charm'd the laughing hour,  
Now boasts no more its pleasing pow'r ;  
Each former object of delight,  
Beyond redemption, wings its flight ;  
And, where it smil'd the darling of my sight,  
Prospects of woe and horrid phantoms rise.

### II. O

For something still unknown I sigh,  
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## II. O

## II.

O HAPPINESS! immortal Fair,  
 Where does thy subtil essence dwell?  
 Dost thou relax the Hermit's care,  
 Companion in the lonely cell?  
 Or, dost thou on the sunny plain  
 Inspire the reed, and chear the swain?  
 Or, scornful of each low retreat,  
 On fortune's favour dost thou wait;  
 And, in the gilded chambers of the great,  
 Protract the revel, and the pleasure swell?

## III.

Ah me! the Hermit's cell explore;  
 Thy absence he, like me, complains;  
 While murmur'ring streams along the shore,  
 Echoe the love-sick shepherd's strains:  
 Nor, where the gilded domes aspire,  
 Deign'st thou, O Goddess! to retire:  
 Though there the loves and graces play,  
 Though wine and music court thy stay;  
 Thou fly'st, alas! and who can trace thy way,  
 Or say what place thy heav'nly form contains?

## IV. If

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 41

### IV.

If to mankind I turn my view,  
Flatter'd with hopes of social joy ;  
Rapine and blood \* mankind pursue,  
As God had form'd them to destroy.

Discord, at whose tremendous view  
Hell quakes with horror ever new,  
No more by endless night deprest,  
Pours all her venom thro' each breast ;  
And, while deep groans and carnage is increas'd,  
Smiles grim, the rising mischief to enjoy.

### V.

Hence, hence, indignant turn thy eyes,  
To my dejected soul I said ;  
See, to the shade EUANTHE flies,  
Go, find EUANTHE in the shade :  
Her angel-form thy sight shall charm,  
Thy heart her angel-goodness warm ;  
There, shall no wants thy steps pursue,  
No wakeful care contract thy brow ;  
Music each sound, and beauty ev'ry view,  
Shall ev'ry sense with full delight invade.

F

VI. Exulting

\* This Ode was written in the year 1745:

## VI.

Exulting in the charming thought,  
 Thither with hasty steps I press ;  
 And, while th' enchanting maid I sought,  
 Thank'd heay'n for all my past distress :  
 Increasing hopes my journey chear'd,  
 And now in reach the bliss appear'd ;  
 Grant this sole boon, O fate ! I cry'd ;  
 Be all thy other gifts deny'd,  
 In this shall all my wishes be supply'd ;  
 And sure a love like mine deserves no less.

## VII.

In vain, alas ! in vain my pray'r,  
 Fate mix'd the accents with the wind ;  
 Th' illusive form dissolv'd in air,  
 And left my soul to grief resign'd :  
 As far from all my hopes she flies,  
 As deepest seas from loftiest skies :  
 Yet, still, on fancy deep imprest,  
 The sad, the dear ideas rest ;  
 Yet still the recent sorrow heav'ns my breast,  
 Hangs black o'er life, and preys upon my mind.

## VIII. Ah !

VIII.

Ah ! Goddess, scarce to mortals known,  
Who with thy shadow madly stray,  
At length from heav'n, thy sacred throne,  
Dart through my soul one cheerful ray ;  
Ah ! with some sacred lenient art,  
Allay the anguish of my heart ;  
Ah ! teach me, patient to sustain  
Life's various stores of grief and pain ;  
Or, if I thus prefer my pray'r in vain,  
Soon let me find thee in eternal day.

ON

## III.

With toil amass a mighty store  
 Of glowing stones, or yellow ore ;  
 Plant the fields with golden grain,  
 Crowd with lowing herds the plain,  
 Bid the marble domes ascend,  
 Bid the pleasant view extend,  
 Streams and groves and woods appear,  
 And spring and autumn fill the year :  
 Sure, these are joys, full, permanent, sincere ;  
 Sure, now each boundless wish can ask no more.

## IV.

On roses now reclin'd,  
 I languish into rest ;  
 No vacuum in my mind,  
 No craving wish unblest :  
 But ah ! in vain,  
 Some absent joy still gives me pain,  
 By toys elated, or by toys deprest.

## V.

What melting joy can sooth my grief ?  
 What balmy pleasure yield my soul relief ?

'Tis

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 37

'Tis found ; the bliss already warms,  
Sunk in love's persuasive arms,  
Enjoying and enjoy'd :  
To taste variety of charms  
Be ev'ry happy hour employ'd.

### VI.

As the speedy moments roll,  
Let some new joy conspire ;  
HEBE, fill the rosy bowl ;  
ORPHEUS, tune the lyre ;  
To new-born rapture wake the soul,  
And kindle young desire :  
While, a beauteous choir around,  
Tuneful virgins join the sound,  
Panting bosoms, speaking eyes,  
Yielding smiles, and trembling sighs :  
Thro' melting error let their voices rove,  
And trace th' enchanting maze of harmony and love.

### VII.

Still, still infatiate of delight  
My wishes open, as my joys increase :  
What now shall stop their restless flight,  
And yield them kind redress ?

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To taste variety of charms  
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HEBE, fill the rosy bowl ;  
ORPHEUS, tune the lyre ;  
To new-born rapture wake the soul,  
And kindle young desire :  
While, a beauteous choir around,  
Tuneful virgins join the sound,  
Panting bosoms, speaking eyes,  
Yielding smiles, and trembling sighs :  
Thro' melting error let their voices rove,  
And trace th' enchanting maze of harmony and love.

VII.

Still, still insatiate of delight  
My wishes open, as my joys increase :  
What now shall stop their restless flight,  
And yield them kind redress ?

For

## III.

With toil amass a mighty store  
 Of glowing stones, or yellow ore ;  
 Plant the fields with golden grain,  
 Crowd with lowing herds the plain,  
 Bid the marble domes ascend,  
 Bid the pleasant view extend,  
 Streams and groves and woods appear,  
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Yielding smiles, and trembling sighs :  
Thro' melting error let their voices rove,  
And trace th' enchanting maze of harmony and love.

VII.

Still, still infatiate of delight  
My wishes open, as my joys increase :  
What now shall stop their restless flight,  
And yield them kind redress ?

For

For something still unknown I sigh,  
 Beyond what strikes the touch, the ear, the eye :  
 Whence shall I seek, or how pursue  
 The phantom, that eludes my view,  
 And cheats my fond embrace ?

## VIII.

Thus, while her wanton toils fond pleasure spread,  
 By sense and passion blindly led,  
 I chac'd the Syren thro' the flow'ry maze,  
 And courted death ten thousand ways :  
 Kind heav'n beheld, with pitying eyes,  
 My restless toil, my fruitless sighs ;  
 And, from the realms of endless day,  
 A bright Immortal wing'd his way ;  
 Swift as a sun-beam down he flew,  
 And stood disclos'd, effulgent to my view.

## IX.

Fond man, he cry'd, thy fruitless search forbear ;  
 Nor vainly hope, within this narrow sphere,  
 A certain happiness to find,  
 Unbounded as thy wish, eternal as thy mind :  
 In God, in perfect good alone,  
 The anxious soul can find repose ;  
 Nor to a bliss beneath his throne,  
 One hour of full enjoyment owes :

He, only he, can fill each wide desire,  
Who to each wish its being gave ;  
Not all the charms which mortal wishes fire,  
Not all which angels in the skies admire,  
But God's paternal smile, can bid it cease to crave.  
Him then pursue, without delay ;  
He is thy prize, and virtue is thy way.  
Then to the winds his radiant plumes he spread,  
And from my wond'ring eyes, more swift than  
lightning, fled.

TO HAPPINESS: AN ODE.

I.

THE morning dawns, the ev'ning shades  
Fair Nature's various face disguise ;  
No scene to rest my heart persuades,  
No moment frees from tears my eyes :  
Whate'er once charm'd the laughing hour,  
Now boasts no more its pleasing pow'r ;  
Each former object of delight,  
Beyond redemption, wings its flight ;  
And, where it smil'd the darling of my sight,  
Prospects of woe and horrid phantoms rise.

II. O

## III.

Your paint that idle hearts controul ;  
 Your fairy nets for feeble souls,  
 By partial fancy wrought ;  
 Your Syren voice, your tempting air,  
 Your borrow'd visage falsely fair,  
 With me avail you nought.

Let ev'ry charm that wakes desire,  
 Let each insnaring art conspire ;  
 Not all can hurt my rest :  
 Touch'd by \* ITHURIEL's potent spear,  
 At once unmask'd the fiends appear,  
 In native blackness drest.

The speaking glance, the heaving breast,  
 The cheek with lilies ting'd and rosy dye ;  
 False joys, which ruin all who taste,  
 How swift they fade in reason's piercing eye !

## IV. Seest

\* See PARADISE LOST, Book IV. verf. 810.

IV.

Seest thou yon taper's vivid ray,  
Which emulates the blaze of day,

Diffusing far its light ?

Tho' it from blasts shall stand secure,  
Time urges on the destin'd hour,  
And, lo ! it sinks in night.

Such is thy glory, such its date,  
Wav'd by the sportive hand of fate,

A while to catch our view :

Now bright to heav'n the blaze aspires,  
Then sudden from our gaze retires,  
And yields to wonders new.

Like this poor torch, thy haughty airs,

Thy short-liv'd splendor on a puff depends ;  
And, soon as fate the stroke prepares,

The flash in dust and nauseous vapour ends.

H

On

On the REFINEMENTS in *Metaphysical Philosophy*:

## A N O D E.

## I.

F A L S E wisdom, fly, with all thy \* owls ,  
 The dust and cobwebs of the schools  
 For me have charms no more :  
 The gross MINERVA of our days,  
 In mighty bulk my learn'd † Essays  
 Reads joyful o'er and o'er.

## II.

Led by her hand a length of time,  
 Thro' sense and nonsense, prose and rhyme,  
 I beat my painful way ;  
 Long, long revolv'd the mystic page  
 Of many a Dutch and German Sage,  
 And hop'd at last for day.

## III. But,

\* Formerly the bird of MINERVA, but by the moderns ascribed to DULNESS.

† The Author, like others of greater name, had formerly attempted to demonstrate matters of fact *à priori*.

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 59

### III.

But, as the mole, hid under ground,  
Still works more dark as more profound,  
So all my toils were vain :  
For truth and sense indignant fly,  
As far as ocean from the sky,  
From all the formal train.

### IV.

The \* STAGERITE, whose fruitful quill  
O'er free-born nature lords it still,  
Sustain'd by form and phrase  
Of dire portent and solemn sound,  
Where meaning seldom can be found,  
From me shall gain no praise.

### V.

But you, who would be truly wise,  
To nature's light unveil your eyes,  
Her gentle call obey :  
She leads by no false wand'ring glare,  
No voice ambiguous strikes your ear,  
To bid you vainly stray.

### VI. Not

\* ARISTOTLE, inventor of Syllogisms, and as such only, mentioned here.

## VI.

Not in the gloomy cell recluse,  
 For noble deeds or gen'rous views,  
 She bids us watch the night ;  
 Fair virtue shines, to all display'd,  
 Nor asks the tardy *Scholman's* aid,  
 To teach us what is right.

## VII.

Pleasure and pain she sets in view,  
 And which to shun, and which pursue,  
 Instructs her pupil's heart :  
 Then, *letter'd Pride*, say, what thy gain,  
 To mask, with so much fruitless pain,  
 Thy ignorance with art ?

## VIII.

Thy stiff grimace and awful tone  
 An idiot's wonder move alone ;  
 And, spite of all thy rules,  
 The wise in ev'ry age conclude,  
 What \* PYRRHO taught, and † HUME renew'd,  
 " That *Dogmatists* are fools."

## IX. The

\* Author of Scepticism.

† Author of a Treatise on Human Nature.

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 61

### IX.

The gamester's hope when doom'd to lose,  
The joys of wine, the wanton's vows,  
The faithless calm at sea,  
The courtier's word, the crowd's applause,  
The Jesuit's faith, the sense of laws,  
Are not more false than thee.

### X.

Blest he ! who sees, without surprize,  
Thy various systems fall and rise,  
As shifts the fickle gale ;  
While all their utmost force exert,  
To wound the foe's unguarded part,  
And all alike prevail.

### XI.

Thus (sacred \* Bards of yore have sung)  
High heav'n with martial clamours rung,  
And deeds of mortal wrath ;  
When cranes and pygmies glory sought,  
And in the fields of æther fought,  
With mutual wounds and death.

### XII. Let

\* See HOMER.

## XII.

Let Logic's sons, mechanic throng!  
Their *sylogistic war* prolong,

And reason's empire boast :  
Inshrin'd in deep congenial gloom,  
Eternal wrangling be their doom,  
To truth and nature lost !

## XIII.

Amus'd by fancy's fleeting fire,  
Let \* MALEBRANCHE still for *Truth* inquire,  
And rack his aching sight :  
While the coy goddess wings her way,  
To scenes of uncreated day,  
Absorb'd in dazzling light.

## XIV.

With firmer step and graver guise,  
Whilst † LOCKE in conscious triumph tries,  
Her dwelling to explore ;

Swift

\* He thought the medium, by which sensible perceptions were conveyed to us, was God ; in whose essence truth was seen, as in a mirror.

† His account of virtue differs not much from that of the *Leviathan*.

Swift she eludes his ardent chace,  
A shadow courts his fond embrace,  
Which \* HOBBS careſ'd before.

XV.

Let † DODWELL with the *Fathers* join,  
To strip of energy divine  
The heav'n-descended soul ;  
The *test of sense* let † BERKLEY scorn,  
And both on borrow'd pinions borne,  
Annihilate the whole.

XVI.

In Academic vales retir'd,  
With PLATO's *love* and *beauty* fir'd,  
My steps let candour guide ;  
By tenets vain unpreposseſt,  
Those lawleſs tyrants of the breast,  
Offſpring of zeal and pride !

XVII. Or,

\* Author of the last mentioned piece ; who denied the distinction between vice and virtue, and affirmed power and right to be the same.

† He attempted to prove the Natural Mortality of the Soul, and quoted the Fathers in favour of his opinion.

‡ Author of Dialogues on the Non-exiſtence of Matter.

## XVII.

Or, while thro' fields and woods I stray,  
Would \* ASHLEY's genius dart a ray,  
And all my soul inflame ;  
Creation, † and her bounteous laws,  
Her order fix'd, her glorious cause,  
Should be my fav'rite theme.

To

\* Author of the *Characteristicks*.

† The Author's intention will be ill understood, if he is thought here to recommend universal scepticism ; for which reason, he may, with all decorum, declare what authors and sentiments he approves. The philosophy useful to man consists, not in abstract and uncertain propositions, but, being designed to regulate his conduct and ascertain his happiness, must not only be founded on his nature, but comprehend all the principles of an active and percipient being.

To Mrs. R\_\_\_\_\_.

On the Death of a promising INFANT :

An ODE.

I.

WHILE, touch'd with all thy tender pain,  
The muses breathe a mournful strain,

O ! lift thy languid eye !

O ! deign a calm auspicious ear ;  
The muse shall yield thee tear for tear,  
And mingle sigh with sigh.

II.

Not for the *Thracian* bard, whose lyre  
Could rocks and woods with soul inspire,

By jealous fury slain,

While murmur'ring on his trembling tongue  
EURIDICE imperfect hung,

The nine could more complain.

I

III. Ah !

## III.

Ah ! say, harmonious sisters, say :  
 When swift, to pierce the lovely prey,  
 Fate took its cruel aim ;  
 When languish'd ev'ry tender grace,  
 Each op'ning bloom that ting'd his face,  
 And pangs convuls'd his frame :

## IV.

Say, could no song of melting woe  
 Revoke the keen determin'd blow,  
 That dimm'd his sparkling eye ?  
 Thus roses oft, by early doom,  
 Robb'd of their blush and sweet perfume,  
 Grow pale, recline, and die.

## V.

Pale, pale and cold the beauteous frame !  
 Nor salient pulse, nor vital flame,  
 A mother's hopes restore :  
 In vain keen anguish tears her breast,  
 By ev'ry tender mark exprest,  
 He lives, he smiles no more !

## VI. Such

VI.

Such is the fate of human kind ;  
The fairest form, the brightest mind,  
Can no exemption know :  
The mighty mandate of the sky,  
“ That man when born begins to die,”  
Extends to all below.

VII.

In vain a mother’s pray’rs ascend,  
Should nature to her sorrows lend  
The native voice of smart ;  
In vain would plaints their force essay  
To hold precarious life one day,  
Or fate’s dread hand avert.

VIII.

Fix’d as the rock that braves the main,  
Fix’d as the poles that all sustain,  
Its purpose stands secure :  
The humble Hynd who toils for bread,  
The sceptred hand, the laurel’d head,  
Alike confess its pow’r.

IX. Since

## IX.

Since time began, the stream of woes  
 Along its rapid current flows ;  
 Still swells the groan profound :  
 While age, re-echoing still to age,  
 Transmits the annals of its rage,  
 And points the recent wound.

## X.

When human hopes sublimest tow'r,  
 Then, wanton in th' excess of pow'r,  
 The tyrant throws them down ;  
 The orphan early robb'd of aid,  
 The widow'd wife, the plighted maid,  
 His sable triumph crown,

## XI.

At length to life and joy return ;  
 Man was not destin'd still to mourn,  
 A prey to endless pain :  
 Heav'n's various hand, the heart to form,  
 With bliss and anguish, calm and storm,  
 Diversifies the scene :

## XII. But

XII.

But hides with care from human eyes,  
What bliss beyond this prospect lies ;  
Left we, with life opprest,  
Should grieve its burden to endure,  
And, with excursion premature,  
Pursue eternal rest.

XIII.

From disappointment, grief, and care,  
From ev'ry pang of sharp despair,  
Thy charmer wings his way ;  
And, while new scenes his bosom fire,  
He learns to strike the golden lyre,  
And heav'n resounds his lay.

XIV.

Lo ! where his sacred reliques lie,  
Immortal guardians from the sky  
Their silver wings display ;  
Till, bright emerging from the tomb,  
They rise to heav'n, their destin'd home,  
And hail eternal day.

An

## AN ODE.

Written when Sick.

O Prime of life ! O taste of joy !  
Whither so early do you fly ?  
Scarce half your transient sweetness known,  
Why are you vanish'd ere full blown ?

THE beauteous progeny of spring,  
That tinge the zephyr's fragrant wing,  
Each tender bloom, each short-liv'd flow'r,  
Still flourish till their destin'd hour :  
Your winter too, too soon will come,  
And chill in death your vernal bloom.

ON my wan cheek the colour dies,  
Suffus'd and languid roll mine eyes ;  
Cold horrors thrill each sick'ning vein ;  
Deep broken sighs my bosom strain ;  
The salient pulse of health gives o'er,  
And life and pleasure are no more.

To

To H E A L T H:

An ODE.

MOTHER of all human joys,  
Rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes ;  
In whose train, for ever gay,  
Smiling Loves and Graces play :  
If complaints thy soul can move,  
Or music charm, the voice of love !  
Hither, Goddess, ere too late,  
Turn, and stop impending fate.

OVER earth, and sea, and sky,  
Bid thy airy heralds fly ;  
With each balm which nature yields,  
From the gardens, groves, and fields,  
From each flow'r of varied hue,  
From each herb that sips the dew,

From

From each tree of fragrant bloom,  
Bid the gales their wings perfume ;  
And, around fair CELIA's head,  
All the mingled incense shed :  
Till each living sweetness rise,  
Paint her cheeks, and arm her eyes,  
Mild as ev'ning's humid ray,  
Yet awful as the blaze of day.

CELIA if the fates restore,  
Love and beauty weep no more :  
But, if they snatch the lovely prize,  
All that's fair in CELIA dies.

To

To a Little GIRL whom I had offended :

An ODE.

Written at Twelve Years of Age.

**H**O W long shall I attempt in vain  
Thy smiles, my angel, to regain ?  
I'll kiss your hand, I'll weep, I'll kneel :  
Will nought, fair tyrant, reconcile ?

THAT gold-finch, with her painted wings,  
Which gayly looks, and sweetly sings ;  
That, and if aught I have more fine,  
All, all, my charmer, shall be thine.

WHEN next Mamma shall prove severe,  
I'll interpose, and save my dear.  
Soften, my fair, those angry eyes,  
Nor tear thy heart with broken sighs :  
Think, while that tender breast they strain,  
For thee what anguish I sustain.

K

SHOULD

SHOULD but thy fair companions view,  
How ill that frown becomes thy brow ;  
With fear and grief in ev'ry eye,  
Each would to each, astonish'd, cry,  
Heav'ns ! where is all her sweetness flown !  
How strange a figure now she's grown !  
Run, NANCY, let us run, lest we  
Grow pettish awkward things as she.

'Tis done, 'tis done ; my cherub smiles,  
My griefs suspends, my fears beguiles :  
How the quick pleasure heaves my breast !  
Ah ! still be kind, and I'll be blest !

To

To LESBIA.

Translated from CATULLUS.

THO' four loquacious age reprove,  
Let us, my LESBIA, live for love :  
For, when the short-liv'd suns decline,  
They but retire more bright to shine :  
But we, when fleeting life is o'er,  
And light and love can bless no more ;  
Are ravish'd from each dear delight,  
To sleep one long eternal night.

GIVE me of kisses balmy store,  
Ten thousand, and ten thousand more ;  
Still add ten thousand doubly sweet ;  
The dear, dear number still repeat :  
And, when the sum so high shall swell,  
Scarce thought can reach, or tongue can tell ;  
Let us on kisses kisses crowd,  
Till number sink in multitude ;  
Lest our full bliss should limits know,  
And others, numb'ring, envious grow.

A T R A N S L A T I O N of  
An Old Scots SONG.

SINCE robb'd of all that charm'd my view,  
Of all my soul e'er fancied fair,  
Ye smiling native scenes, adieu !  
With each delightful object there.

Ye vales, which to the raptur'd eye  
Disclos'd the flow'ry pride of May ;  
Ye circling hills, whose summits high  
Blush'd with the morning's earliest ray :

Where, heedless oft how far I stray'd,  
And pleas'd my ruin to pursue ;  
I sung my dear, my cruel maid :  
Adieu for ever ! ah ! adieu !

Ye dear associates of my breast,  
Whose hearts with speechless sorrow swell ;  
And thou, with hoary age opprest,  
Dear author of my life, farewell !

For

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 77

For me, alas ! thy fruitless tears,  
Far, far remote from friends and home,  
Shall blast thy venerable years,  
And bend thee pining to the tomb.

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt,  
From dear relations torn away ;  
Yet sharper pangs my vitals melt,  
To hopeless love a destin'd prey :

While she, as angry heav'n and main  
Deaf to the helpless sailor's pray'r,  
Enjoys my soul-consuming pain,  
And wantons with my deep despair.

From cursed gold what ills arise !  
What horrors life's fair prospect stain !  
Friends blast their friends with angry eyes,  
And brothers bleed by brothers slain.

From cursed gold I trace my woe ;  
Could I this splendid mischief boast,  
Nor would my tears unpitied flow,  
Nor would my sighs in air be lost.

Ah !

Ah ! when a mother's cruel care  
Nurs'd me an infant on the breast,  
Had early fate surpris'd me there,  
And wrapt me in eternal rest :

Then had this breast ne'er learn'd to beat,  
And tremble with unpitied pain ;  
Nor had a maid's relentless hate,  
Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

Oft, in the pleasing toils of love,  
With ev'ry winning art I try'd  
To catch the coyly flutt'ring dove,  
With killing eyes and plumpy pride :

But, far on nimble pinions borne  
From love's warm gales and flow'ry plains,  
She sought the northern climes of scorn,  
Where ever-freezing winter reigns.

Ah me ! had heav'n and she prov'd kind,  
Then full of age, and free from care,  
How blest had I my life resign'd,  
Where first I breath'd this vital air !

But,

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 79

But, since no flatt'ring hope remains,  
Let me my wretched lot pursue :  
Adieu, dear friends, and native scenes,  
To all, but grief and love, adieu !

### S O N G :

To the Tune of the *Braes of Ballandyne.*

#### I.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain  
One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain :  
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,  
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow :  
Rude winds, with compassion, could hear him complain ;  
Yet CHLOE, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

#### II.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew !  
Ere CHLOE's bright charms first flash'd in my view :  
These

These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey ;  
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they :  
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight ;  
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

## III.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue ;  
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew :  
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair ;  
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :  
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same ;  
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

## IV.

But see ! the pale moon all clouded retires ;  
 The breezes grow cool, not STREPHON's desires :  
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.  
 Ah wretch ! how can life thus merit thy care,  
 Since lengthning its moments, but lengthens despair ?

THE

THE RAVISH'D SHEPHERD.  
A SONG.

I.

A ZURE dawn, whose cheerful ray  
Bids all nature's beauties rise,  
Were thy glories doubly gay,  
What art thou to CHLOE's eyes ?  
Boast no more thy rosy light,  
If CHLOE smile thee into night.

II.

Gentle Spring, whose kind return  
Spreads diffusive pleasure round,  
Bids each breast enamour'd burn,  
And each flame with bliss be crown'd ;  
Should my CHLOE leave the plain,  
Fell winter soon would blast thy reign.

III.

Ev'ry charm, whose high delight  
Sense enjoys, or soul admires ;  
All that ardour can excite,  
All excited love requires,  
All that heav'n or earth call fair,  
View CHLOE's face, and read it there.

## A PASTORAL SONG.

**S**ANDY, the gay, the blooming swain,  
 Had lang frae love been free ;  
 Lang made ilk heart that fill'd the plain  
 Dance quick with harmless glee.

As blythsome lambs that scour the green,  
 His mind was unconstrain'd ;  
 Nae face could ever fix his een,  
 Nae sang his ear detain'd.

Ah ! luckless youth ! a short-liv'd joy  
 Thy cruel fates decree ;  
 Fell tods shall on thy lambkins prey,  
 And love mair fell on thee.

’Twas e'er the sun exhal'd the dew,  
 Ae morn of chearful May,  
 Forth GIRZY walk'd, the flow'rs to view,  
 A flow'r mair sweet than they !

Like

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 83

Like sun-beams sheen her waving locks ;  
Her een like stars were bright ;  
The rose lent blushes to her cheek,  
The lily purest white.

Imp was her waste, like some tall pine  
That keeps the woods in awe ;  
Her limbs like iv'ry columns turn'd,  
Her breasts like hills of snaw.

Her robe around her loosely thrown,  
Gave to the shepherd's een  
What fearless innocence would show ;  
The rest was all unseen.

He fix'd his look, he sigh'd, he quak'd,  
His colour wept and came ;  
Dark grew his een, his ears resound,  
His breast was all on flame.

Nae mair yon glen repeats his fang,  
He jokes, and smiles nae mair ;  
Unplaited now his cravat hung,  
Undrest his chesnut hair.

To

To him, how lang the shortest night !  
 How dark the brightest day !  
 Till, with the slow consuming fire,  
 His life was worn away.

Far, far frae shepherds and their flocks,  
 Opprest with care, he lean'd ;  
 And, in a mirky, beachen shade,  
 To hills and dales thus pleant'd :

At length, my wayward heart, return,  
 Too far, alas ! astray :  
 Say, whence you caught that bitter smart,  
 Which works me such decay.

Ay me ! 'twas Love, 'twas GIRZY's charms,  
 That first began my woes ;  
 Could he sae saft, or she sae fair,  
 Prove such relentless foes ?

Fierce winter nips the sweetest flow'r ;  
 Keen lightning rives the tree ;  
 Bleak mildew taints the fairest crop,  
 And love has blasted me,

Sagacious

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 85

Sagacious hounds the foxes chace ;  
The tender lambkins they ;  
Lambs follow close their mother ewes,  
And ewes the blooms of May.

Sith a' that live, with a' their might,  
Some dear delight pursue ;  
Cease, ruthless maid ! to scorn the heart  
That only pants for you.

Alas ! for griefs, to her unken'd,  
What pity can I gain ?  
And should she ken, yet love refuse,  
Could that redress my pain ?

Come, death, my wan, my frozen bride,  
Ah ! close those wearied eyes :  
But death the happy still pursues,  
Still from the wretched flies.

Could wealth avail ; what wealth is mine  
Her high-born mind to bend ?  
Her's are those wide delightful plains,  
And her's the flocks I tend.

What

What tho', whene'er I tun'd my pipe,  
 Glad fairies heard the sound,  
 And, clad in freshest April green,  
 Aft tript the circle round :

Break, landward clown, thy ~~dissonant~~ reed,  
 And brag thy skill nae mair :  
 Can ought that gies na ~~Girzy~~ joy,  
 Be worth thy lightest care ?

Adieu ! ye harmless sportive flocks !  
 Who now your lives shall guard ?  
 Adieu ! my faithful dog, who oft  
 The pleasing vigil shar'd :

Adieu, ye plains, and light, anes sweet,  
 Now painful to my view :  
 Adieu to life, and thou, mair dear,  
 Who caus'd my death ; adieu !

On

On the DEATH of *STELLA* :  
A PASTORAL.

Inscrib'd to her Sister.

*See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,  
Those cheeks now faded at the blast of death :  
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before ;  
And those love-darting eyes shall roll no more.*

POPE.

**N**O W purple ev'ning ting'd the blue serene,  
And milder breezes fann'd the verdant plain ;  
Beneath a blasted oak's portentous shade,  
To speak his grief, a pensive swain was laid :  
Birds ceas'd to warble at the mournful sound ;  
The laughing landskip fadden'd all around :  
For *STELLA*'s fate he breath'd his tuneful moan,  
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone !

O thou ! by stronger ties than blood ally'd,  
Who died to pleasure, when a \* sister dy'd ;  
Thou

\* Mrs. McCULLOCH, a Lady distinguished for every personal grace and qualification of mind, which could adorn her sex and nature.

Thou living image of those charms we lost,  
 Charms which exulting nature once might boast !  
 Indulge the plaintive muse, whose simple strain  
 Repeats the heart-felt anguish of the swain :  
 For STELLA's fate thus flow'd his tuneful moan,  
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone !

ARE happiness and joy for ever fled,  
 Nor haunt the twilight grove, nor sunny glade ?  
 Ah ! fled for ever from my longing eye ;  
 With STELLA born, with STELLA too they die :  
 Die, or with me your brightest image moan ;  
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone !

SWEET to the thirsty tongue the crystal stream,  
 To nightly wand'rers sweet the morning beam ;  
 Sweet to the wither'd grafs the gentle show'r ;  
 To the fond lover sweet the nuptial hour ;  
 Sweet fragrant gardens to the lab'ring bee,  
 And lovely STELLA once was heav'n to me :  
 That heav'n is faded, and those joys are flown,  
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone !

AH !

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 89

Ah! where is now that form which charm'd my sight?  
Ah! where that wisdom, sparkling heav'nly bright?  
Ah! where that sweetness like the lays of spring,  
When breathe its flow'rs, and all its warblers sing?  
Now fade, ye flow'rs, ye warblers, join my moan;  
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

Ah me! tho' winter desolate the field,  
Again shall flow'rs their blended odours yield;  
Again shall birds the vernal season hail,  
And beauty paint, and music charm the vale:  
But she no more to bless me shall appear,  
No more her angel voice enchant my ear;  
No more her angel smile relieve my moan:  
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

He ceas'd; for mighty grief his voice supprest,  
Chill'd all his veins, and struggled in his breast;  
From his wan cheek the rosy tincture flies;  
The lustre languish'd in his closing eyes:  
Too soon shall life return, unhappy swain!  
If, with returning sense, returns thy pain. [moan;  
Hills, woods, and streams, resound the shepherd's  
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

## A PASTORAL:

Inscribed to EUANTHE.

WHILST I rehearse unhappy DAMON's lays,  
At which his fleecy charge forgot to graze,  
With drooping heads and griev'd attention, stood,  
Nor brisk'd the green, nor sought the neighb'ring  
flood ;

Essential Sweetness ! deign with me to stray,  
Where yon close copes exclude the heat of day ;  
Or where yon fountain murmurs soft along,  
Mixt with his tears, and vocal to his song ;  
There hear the sad relation of his fate,  
And pity all the pains thy charms create.

CLOSE in th' adjacent shade, conceal'd from view,  
I staid, and heard him thus his griefs pursue.

Awake, my muse ! the soft *Sicilian* strain ;  
Mild gleams the purple ev'ning o'er the plain ;  
Mild fan the breezes, mild the waters flow,  
And heav'n and earth an equal quiet know ;

With

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 91

With ease the shepherds and their flocks are blest,  
And ev'ry grief, but mine, consents to rest.

**AWAKE**, my muse, the soft *Sicilian* strain ;  
*Sicilian* numbers may delude my pain :  
The thirsty field, which scorching heat devours,  
Is ne'er supply'd, tho' heav'n descend in show'rs :  
From flow'r to flow'r the bee still plies her wing,  
Of sweets infatiate, tho' she drain the spring :  
Still from those eyes love calls their liquid store,  
And, when their currents fail, still thirsts for more.

**AWAKE**, my muse ! the soft *Sicilian* strain :  
Yet why to ruthless storms should I complain ?  
Deaf storms and death itself complaints may move,  
But groans are music to the tyrant Love.  
**O Love !** thy genius and thy force I know,  
Thy burning torch, and pestilential bow :  
From some fermented tempest of the main,  
At once commenc'd thy being, and thy reign ;  
Nurs'd by fell harpies in some howling wood,  
Inur'd to slaughter, and regal'd with blood :  
Relentless mischief ! at whose dire command,  
A mother stain'd with filial blood her hand :

Curst boy ! curst mother ! which most impious, say,  
She who could wound, or he who could betray ?

AWAKE, my muse ! the soft *Sicilian* strain ;  
From love those sighs I breathe, those plagues sustain.  
Why did I first *EUANTHE*'s charms admire,  
Bless the soft smart, and fan the growing fire ?  
Why, happy still my danger to conceal,  
Could I no ruin fear, till sure to feel ?  
So seeks the swain by night his doubtful way,  
Led by the insidious meteor's fleeting ray ;  
Still on, attracted by th' illusive beam,  
He tempts the faithless marsh, or fatal stream :  
Away with scorn the laughing Daemon flies,  
While shades eternal seal the wretch's eyes.

AWAKE, my muse ! the soft *Sicilian* strain ;  
Ah ! can no last, no darling hope remain,  
Round which my soul with all her strength may twine,  
And, tho' but flatter'd, call the treasure mine ?  
Wretch ! to the charmer's sphere canst thou ascend,  
Or dar'st thou fancy she to thine will bend ?  
Say, shall the chirping grasshopper assume  
The varied accent, and the soaring plume ;

Or

Or shall that oak, the tallest of his race,  
Stoop to his root, and meet yon shrub's embrace ?

AWAKE, my muse ! the soft *Sicilian* strain ;  
Those pallid cheeks how long shall sorrow stain ?  
Well I remember, O my soul ! too well,  
When in the snare of fate I thoughtless fell :  
Hurt by a fall, she sought the distant shade,  
Where, led by love or destiny, I stray'd :  
There, from the nymphs retir'd, depress'd she lay,  
To unremitting pain a smiling prey :  
Ev'n then I saw her, as an angel, bright ;  
I saw, I lov'd, I perish'd at the sight ;  
I sigh'd, I blush'd, I gaz'd with fix'd surprise,  
And all my soul hung raptur'd in my eyes.

FORBEAR, my muse ! the soft *Sicilian* strain ;  
Which heav'n bestows, and art refines, in vain :  
What tho' the heav'n-born muse my temples shade  
With wreaths of fame, and bays that never fade ?  
What tho' the Sylvan pow'rs, while I complain,  
Attend my flocks, and patronize my strain ?  
On me my stars, not gifts, but ills bestow ;  
And all the change I feel, is change of woe.

BUT

But see yon rock projected o'er the main,  
 Whose giddy prospect turns the gazer's brain :  
 Object is lost beneath its vast profound,  
 And deep and hoarse below the surges sound :  
 Oft, while th' unthinking world is lost in sleep,  
 My sable genius tempts me to the steep ;  
 In fancy's view bids endless horrors move,  
 A barren fortune, and a hopeless love.  
 Life has no charms for me ; why longer stay ?  
 I hear the gloomy mandate, and obey.  
 What ! fall the victim of a mean despair,  
 And crown the triumph of the cruel fair ?  
 No, let me once some conscious merit show,  
 And tell the world, I can survive my woe.

FORBEAR, my muse ! the soft *Sicilian* strain :  
 Fool ! wretched fool ! what frenzy fires thy brain ?  
 See, choak'd with weeds, thy languid flow'r's recline,  
 Thy sheep unguarded, and unprop'd thy vine.  
 At length recall'd, to toil thy hands inure,  
 Or weave the basket, or the fold secure.

WHAT tho' her cheeks a living blush display,  
 Pure as the dawn of heav'n's unclouded day ;  
Tho'

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 95

Tho' love from ev'ry glance an arrow wings,  
And all the muses warble, when she sings?  
Forbear, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain;  
Some nymph, as fair, a sprightlier note may gain:  
There are who know to prize more genuine charms,  
Which genius brightens, and which virtue warms:  
Forbear, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain;  
Some nymph, as fair, may smile, tho' she disdain.

## THE PLAINTIVE SHEPHERD: A PASTORAL ELEGY.

*Ebeu! quid volui misero mibi? floribus austrum  
Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus apos.*

VIRG.

**C**OLIN, whose lays the shepherds all admire,  
For PHOEBE long consum'd with hopeless fire;  
Nor durst his tongue the hidden smart convey,  
Nor tears the torment of his soul betray:  
But to the wildness of the woods he flies,  
And vents his grief in unregarded sighs:  
Ye conscious woods, who still the sound retain,  
Repeat the tuneful sorrows of the swain.

AND

AND must I perish then, ah cruel maid !  
To early fate, by love of thee, betray'd ?  
And can no tender art thy soul subdue,  
Me, dying me, with milder eyes to view ?  
The flow'r that withers in its op'ning bloom,  
Robb'd of its charming dyes, and sweet perfume ;  
The tender lamb that prematurely pines,  
And life's untaught joys at once resigns ;  
For these thy tears in copious tributes flow,  
For these thy bosom heaves with tender woe ;  
And canst thou then with tears their fate survey,  
While, blasted by thy coldness, I decay ?

AND now the swains each to their cots are fled,  
And not a warble echoes thro' the mead ;  
Now to their folds the panting flocks retreat,  
Scorch'd with the summer noon's relentless heat :  
From summer's heat the shades a refuge prove ;  
But what can shield my heart from fiercer love ?  
All-bounteous nature taught the fertile field,  
For all our other ills a balm to yield ;  
But love, the sharpest pang the soul sustains,  
Still cruel love incurable remains.

YET

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 97

YET, dear destroyer ! yet my suff'ring hear :  
By love's kind look, and pity's sacred tear,  
By the strong griefs that in my bosom roll,  
By all the native goodness of thy soul,  
Regard my bloom declining to the grave,  
And, like eternal Mercy, smile and save.

WHAT tho' no sounding names my race adorn,  
Sustain'd by labour, and obscurely born ?  
With fairest flow'rs the humble vales are spread,  
Whilst endless tempests beat the mountain's head.  
What tho' by fate no riches are my share ?  
Riches are parents of eternal care ;  
While, in the lowly hut and silent grove,  
Content plays smiling with her sister love.  
What tho' no native charms my person grace,  
Nor beauty moulds my form, nor paints my face ?  
The sweetest fruit may often pall the taste,  
While sloes and brambles yield a safe repast.

AH ! prompt to hope, forbear thy fruitless strain ;  
Thy hopes are frantic, and thy lays are vain.  
Say, can thy song appease the stormy deep,  
Or lull th' impetuous hurricane asleep ?

N

Thy

Thy numbers then her stedfast soul may move,  
And change the purpose of determin'd love,

DIE, COLIN, die, nor groan with life opprest ;  
Another image triumphs in her breast ;  
Another soon shall call the fair his own,  
And heav'n and fate seem pleas'd their vows to crown.

ARISE, MENALCAS, with the dawn arise :  
For thee thy PHOEBE looks with longing eyes ;  
For thee the shepherds, a delighted throng,  
Wake the soft reed, and hymeneal song ;  
For thee the hasty virgins rob the spring,  
And, wrought with care, the nuptial garland bring.

ARISE, MENALCAS, with the dawn arise ;  
Ev'n time for thee with double swiftness flies :  
Hours urging hours, with all their speed retire,  
To give thy soul whate'er it can desire.

YET, when the priest prepares the rites divine,  
And when her trembling hand is clasp'd in thine,  
Let not thy heart too soon indulge its joys ;  
But think on him whom thy delight destroys !

Thee

Thee too he lov'd ; to thee his simple heart,  
With easy faith and fondness breath'd its smart :  
So fools their flocks to sanguine wolves resign,  
So trust the cunning fox to prune the vine.  
Think thou behold'st him from some gaping wound  
Effuse his soul, and stain with blood the ground :  
Think, while to earth his pale remains they bear,  
His friends with shrieking sorrow pierce thine ear ;  
Or, to some torrent's headlong rage a prey,  
Think thou behold'st him floating to the sea.

BUT now the sun declines his radiant head,  
And rising hills project a length'ning shade :  
Again to browze the green the flocks return,  
Again the swains to sport, and I to mourn :  
I homeward too must bend my painful way,  
Lest old DAMOETAS sternly chide my stay.

*DESIDERIUM LUTETIAE:*

From BUCHANNAN,

AN *Allegorical PASTORAL,*In which he regrets his absence from *Paris*,

IMITATED.

WHILE far remote, thy swain, dear CHLOE !  
    sighs,  
Depriv'd the vital sunshine of thine eyes ;  
Seven summer heats already warm the plains ;  
In storms and snow the sev'nth bleak winter reigns :  
Yet not seven years revolving sad and slow,  
Nor summer's heats, nor winter's storms and snow,  
Can cause my heart a moment's respite share  
From restless love, and ever-waking care.

THEE, when from heav'n descend the dews of morn,  
To crop the verdant mead when flocks return ;  
Thee, when the sun has compass'd half his way,  
And darts around unsufferable day ;

Thee,

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 101

Thee, when the ev'ning, o'er the world display'd,  
From rising hills projects a length'ning shade ;  
Thee still I sing, unwearied of my theme,  
Source of my song, and object of my flame !  
Ev'a night, in whose dark bosom nature laid  
Appears one blank, one undistinguish'd shade,  
Ev'n night in vain, with all her horrors, tries  
To blot thy lovely form from fancy's eyes.

WHEN short-liv'd slumbers, long invok'd, descend,  
To sooth each care, and ev'ry sense suspend,  
Full to my sight once more thy charms appear ;  
Once more my ardent vows salute thine ear ;  
Once more my anxious soul, awake to bliss,  
Feels, hears, detains thee in her close embrace :  
In flutt'ring, thrilling, glowing transport tost,  
Till sense itself in keen delight is lost.

FROM sleep I wake ; but oh ! how chang'd the  
scene !

The charms illusive, and the pleasure vain !  
The day returns ; but ah ! returning day,  
When ev'ry grief but mine admits allay,

On

On these sad eyes its glory darts in vain ;  
Its light restor'd, restores my foul to pain.

THE house I fly, impell'd by wild despair,  
As if my griefs could only find me there.  
Lost to the world, thro' lonely fields I rove ;  
Vain wish ! to fly from destiny and love !  
By wayward frenzy's restless impulse led,  
Through devious wilds, with heedless course, I tread :  
The cave remote, the dusky wood explore,  
Where human step was ne'er imprest before :  
And, with the native accents of despair,  
Fatigue the conscious rocks, and desert air.  
Kind Echo, faithful to my plaints alone,  
Sighs all my sighs, and groans to ev'ry groan.  
The streams, familiar to the voice of woe,  
Each mournful sound remurmur as they flow.

“ Oh ! waft me gently o'er your rough domain ;  
“ Let me at length my darling coast attain :  
“ Or, if my wishes thus too much implore,  
“ Shipwreck'd and gasping let me reach the shore.  
“ While wash'd along the floods I hold my way,  
“ To ev'ry wind and ev'ry wave a prey,  
“ Dear hope and love shall bear my sinking frame,  
“ And unextinguish'd keep the vital flame.”

OFT to the hastning zephyrs have I said :  
“ You, happy gales ! shall fan my lovely maid.  
“ So may no pointed rocks your wings deform ;  
“ So may your speedy journey meet no storm :  
“ As soft you whisper round my heav'nly fair,  
“ Play on her breast, or wanton with her hair ;  
“ Faithful to love, the tender message bear,  
“ And breathe my endless sorrows in her ear.”

How oft rough *Eurus* have I ask'd in vain !  
As with swift wings he brush'd the foamy main :  
“ Blest wind ! who late my distant charmer view'd,  
“ Say, has her soul no other wish pursu'd ?  
“ With mutual fire, say, does her bosom glow ;  
“ Feels she my wound, and pities she my woe ? ”

HEEDLESS of all my tears, and all I say,  
 The winds, with blus't'ring fury, wing their way.  
 A freezing horror, and a chilling pain,  
 Shoots thro' my heart, and stagnates ev'ry vein.  
 No rural pleasures yield my soul relief ;  
 No melting shepherd's pipe consoles my grief :  
 The choral nymphs, that dancing chear the plain,  
 And Fauns, tho' sweet their song, yet sing in vain.  
 Deaf to the voice of joy, my tortur'd mind  
 Can only room for love and anguish find :  
 By these my soul and all its wishes caught,  
 Can to no other object yield a thought.

LYCISCA, skilful with her lyre to move  
 Each tender wish, and melt the soul to love :  
 MELAENIS too, with ev'ry sweetness crown'd,  
 By nature form'd with ev'ry glance to wound :  
 With emulation both my love pursue,  
 And both, with winning arts, my passion woo.  
 The freshest bloom of youth their cheeks display ;  
 Their eyes are arm'd with beauty's keenest ray ;  
 Av'rice itself might count their fleecy store,  
 (A prize beyond its wish !) and pant no more.

ME oft their dow'rs each gen'rous sire has told,  
 An hundred playful younglings from the fold,  
 Each with its dam ; their mothers promise more,  
 And oft and long, with secret gifts, implore.  
 ME nor an hundred playful younglings move,  
 Each with its dam ; nor wealth can bribe my love ;  
 Nor all the griefs th' imploring mothers show ;  
 Nor all the secret gifts they would bestow ;  
 Nor all the tender things the nymphs can say ;  
 Nor all the soft desires the nymphs betray.

As winter to the spring in beauty yields,  
 Languor to health, and rocks to verdant fields ;  
 As the fair virgin's cheek, with rosy dye  
 Blushing delight, with lightning arm'd her eye,  
 Beyond her mother's faded form appears,  
 Mark'd with the wrinkles and the snow of years ;  
 As beauteous Tweed, and wealth-importing Thames  
 Flow each the envy of their country's streams :  
 So, loveliest of her sex, my heav'nly maid  
 Appears, and all their fainter glories fade.

MELAENIS, whom love's soft enchantments arm,  
 Replete with charms, and conscious of each charm,

O

Oft

Oft on the glassy stream, with raptur'd eyes,  
 Surveys her form in mimic sweetness rise ;  
 Oft, as the waters pleas'd reflect her face,  
 Adjusts her locks, and heightens ev'ry grace :  
 Oft thus she tries, with all her tuneful art,  
 To reach the soft accesses of my heart.

“ Unhappy swain, whose wishes fondly stray,  
 “ To flow-consuming fruitless fires a prey !  
 “ Say, will those sighs and tears for ever flow  
 “ In hopeless torment, and determin'd woe ?  
 “ Nature, indulgent to our fields as thine,  
 “ The mellow apple yields, and purple vine :  
 “ Those too thou lov'st ; their free enjoyment share,  
 “ Nor plant vain tedious hopes, and reap despair.”

ME oft *Lycisca*, in the festive train,  
 Views, as she lightly bounds along the plain :  
 Straight, with dissembled scorn, away she flies ;  
 Yet still on me obliquely turns her eyes :  
 While, to the music of her trembling strings,  
 Amidst the dance sweet warbling, thus she sings :  
 “ No tears the just revenge of heav'n can move ;  
 “ Heav'n's just revenge will punish slighted love.

“ I've

“ I’ve seen a huntsman, active as the morn,  
“ Salute her earliest blush with sounding horn ;  
“ Pursue the bounding stag with op’ning cries,  
“ And slight the timid hare, his easy prize :  
“ Then, with the setting sun, his hounds restrain ;  
“ Nor bounding stag, nor timid hare obtain.  
“ I’ve seen the sportsman latent nets display,  
“ To catch the feather’d warblers of the spray ;  
“ Despise the finch that flutter’d round in air,  
“ And court the sweeter linnet to his snare :  
“ Yet weary, cold, successless, leave the plain ;  
“ Nor painted finch, nor sweeter linnet, gain.  
“ I’ve seen a youth the polish’d pipe admire,  
“ And scorn the simple reed the swains inspire :  
“ The simple reed yet chears each tuneful swain ;  
“ While still unblest the scorner pines in vain.  
“ Thus righteous heav’n chastises wanton pride,  
“ And bids intemp’rate insolence subside.”

Thus breathe the am’rous nymphs their fruitless pain  
In ears impervious to the softest strain.  
But first with trembling lambs the wolf shall graze ;  
First hawks with linnets join in social lays ;

First

First shall the tiger's sanguine thirst expire,  
And tim'rous fawns the lion fierce admire ;  
Ere, with her lute *Lycisca* taught to charm,  
This destin'd heart ere soft MELAENIS warm.

First shall the finny nation leave the flood,  
Shadows the hills, and birds the vocal wood ;  
The winds shall cease to breathe, the streams to flow ;  
Ere my desires another object know.

This infant bosom, yet in love untaught,  
From CHLOE first the pleasing ardor caught :  
CHLOE shall still its faithful empire claim,  
Its first ambition, and its latest aim !

Till ev'ry wish and ev'ry hope be o'er,  
And life and love inspire my frame no more.

# PHILANTHES:

A

# MONODY,

*Inscribed to Miss D——y H——y;*

Occasioned by a series of interesting events which  
happened at Dumfries on Friday, June 12. 1752,  
particularly that of her Father's death.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
Tam chari capit? Præcipe lugubres  
Cantus MELPOMENE, cui liquidam pater  
Vocem cum cithara dedit.*

HORAT.

## A R G U M E N T.

*The subject proposed. Address to Miss H—y. General reflexions inspir'd by the subject, and previous to it. The scene opens with a prospect of Mrs. M——n's funeral solemnity: and changes to the untimely fate of a beautiful youth, son to Mr. J—s H—ll, whose early genius, quick progress in learning, and gentle dispositions, inspired his friends with the highest expectations of his riper attainments. Transition to the death of Dr. J—s H—y Physician: his character as such: the general sorrow occasioned by his fate: his character as a friend, as particularly qualified to sooth distress; as a Gentleman; as an husband; as a father: his loss considered in all these relations, particularly as sustained by Miss H—y: her tender care of him during his sickness described. The piece concludes with an apotheosis, in imitation of VIRGIL's DAPHNIS.*

## I.

**A** SWAIN, whose soul the tuneful nine inflame,  
As to his western goal the sun declin'd,  
Sung to the list'ning shades no common theme;  
While the hoarse breathings of the hollow wind,  
And deep resounding surge in concert join'd.  
Deep was the surge, and deep the plaintive song,  
While all the solemn scene in mute attention hung.

NOR

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. III

Nor thou, fair victim of so just a woe!  
Tho' still the pangs of nature swell thy heart,  
Disdain the faithful muse; whose numbers flow  
Sacred, alas! to sympathetic smart:  
For in thy griefs the muses claim a part;  
"Tis all they can, in social tears to mourn,  
And deck with cypress wreaths thy dear paternal  
urn,

The swain began, while conscious echoes round  
Protract to sadder length his doleful lay.  
Roll on, ye streams, in cadence more profound:  
Ye humid vapours, veil the face of day:  
    O'er all the mournful plain  
    Let night and sorrow reign:  
For \* PAN indignant from his fields retires,  
    Once haunts of gay delight;  
    Now every sense they fright,  
Resound with shrieks of fate, and blaze with fun'ral  
    fires.

### II.

WHAT tho' the radiant sun and clement sky  
Alternate warmth and show'rs dispense below;

Tho'

\* God of ARCADIA, who peculiarly presides over rural life.

Tho' spring presages to the careful eye,  
 That autumn copious with her fruits shall glow ?  
 For us in vain her choicest blessings flow :  
     To ease the bleeding heart, alas ! in vain  
     Rich swells the purple grape, or waves the golden  
     grain.

WHAT summer-breeze, on swiftest pinions born,  
 From fate's relentless hand its prey can save ?  
 What fun in death's dark regions wake the morn,  
 Or warm the cold recesses of the grave ?  
     Ah wretched man ! whose breast scarce learns to  
     heave

With kindling life ; when, ere thy bud is blown,  
 Eternal winter breathes, and all its sweets are gone.

THOU all-enliv'ning flame, intensely bright !  
 Whose sacred beams illume each wand'ring sphere,  
 That thro' high heav'n reflects thy trembling light,  
 Conducting round this globe the varied year ;  
     As thou pursu'ft thy way,  
     Let this revolving day,

Deep

Deep ting'd with conscious gloom, roll slow along :

In fable pomp array'd,

Let night diffuse her shade,

Nor sport the chearles hind, nor chant the vocal  
throng.

III.

SCARCE, from the ardor of the mid-day gleam,  
Had panting nature in the cool respir'd ;  
Scarce, by the margin of the silver stream,  
Faint sung the birds in verdant copes retir'd ;  
Scarce, o'er the thirsty field with sun-shine fir'd,  
Had ev'ning gales the sportive wing essay'd,  
When sounds of hopeless woe the silent scene invade.

SOPHRONIA, long for ev'ry virtue dear  
That grac'd the wife, the mother, or the friend,  
Depriv'd of life, now press'd the mournful bier,  
In sad procession to the tomb sustain'd.  
Ah me ! in vain to heav'n and earth complain'd  
With tender cries her num'rous orphan train ;  
The tears of wedded love profuse were shed in vain.

For her, was grief on ev'ry face impress'd ;  
 For her, each bosom heav'd with tender sighs :  
 An husband late with all her virtues bless'd,  
 And weeping race in sad ideas rise :

For her depreſſ'd and pale,  
 Your charms, ye Graces, veil,  
 Whom to adorn was once your chief delight :  
 Ye virtues all deplore  
 Your image, now no more,  
 And\* HYMEN quench thy torch in tears and endless  
 night.

## IV.

Nor yet these dismal prospects disappear,  
 When o'er the weeping plain new horrors rise,  
 And louder accents pierce each frighted ear,  
 Accents of grief imbitter'd by surprize !  
 Frantic with woe, at once the tumult flies,  
 To snatch ADONIS wash'd along the stream,  
 And all th' extended bank re-echoes to his name.

RANG'D on the brink the weeping matrons stand,  
 The lovely wreck of fortune to survey,  
 While o'er the flood he wav'd his beauteous hand,

Or

\*God of marriage.

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 115

Or in convulsive anguish struggling lay.  
By slow degrees they view'd his force decay,  
In fruitless efforts to regain the shore :  
They view'd and mourn'd his fate : O heaven ! they  
could no more.

Ye \* NAIADS, guardians of the fatal flood,  
Was beauty, sweetnes, youth, no more your care ?  
For beauty, sweetnes, youth, your pity woo'd,  
Powerful to charm, if fate could learn to spare.

Stretch'd on cold earth he lies ;  
While, in his closing eyes,  
No more the heav'n-illumin'd lustre shines ;  
His cheek, once nature's pride,  
With blooming roses dy'd,  
To unrelenting fate its op'ning blush resigns.

### V.

DEAR hapless youth ! what felt thy mother's heart,  
When in her view thy lifeless form was laid ?  
Such anguish when the soul and body part,  
Such agonizing pangs the frame invade.

Was

\* River goddesses.

Was there no hand, she cry'd, my child to aid ?  
 Could heav'n and earth unmov'd his fall survey,  
 Nor from th' infatiate waves redeem their lovely  
 prey ?

DID I for this my tend'rest cares employ,  
 To nourish and instruct thy early bloom ?  
 Are all my rising hopes, my promis'd joy,  
 Extinct in death's inexorable gloom ?  
 No more shall life those faded charms relume,  
 Dear rip'ning sweetnes ! sunk no more to rise !  
 Thee nature mourns, like me, with fond maternal  
 eyes.

FORTUNE and life, your gifts how insecure !  
 How fair you promise ! but how ill perform !  
 Like tender fruit, they perish premature,  
 Scorch'd by the beam, or whelm'd beneath the storm,  
 For thee a fate more kind,  
 Thy mother's hopes assign'd,  
 Than thus to sink in early youth deplor'd ;  
 But late thou fled'st my sight,  
 Thy parent's dear delight !  
 And art thou to my arms, ah ! art thou thus restor'd ?

## VI.

SEVERE those ills ; yet heavier still impend,  
 That wound with livelier grief the smarting soul :  
 As, ere the long-collected storm descend,  
 Red lightnings flash, and thunder shakes the pole ;  
 Portentuous, solemn, loud its murmurs roll :

While from the subject field the trembling hind  
 Views instant ruin threat the labours of mankind.

FOR scarce the bitter sigh and deep'ning groan  
 In fainter cadence died away in air,  
 When, lo ! by fate a deadlier shaft was thrown,  
 Which open'd ev'ry source of deep despair :  
 As yet our souls those recent sorrows share,  
 Swift from th' adjacent field MENALCAS flies,  
 While grief impels his steps, and tears bedew his  
 eyes.

WEEP on, he cry'd, let tears no measure know ;  
 Hence from those fields let pleasure wing her way :  
 Ye shades, be hallow'd from this hour to woe ;  
 No more with summer's pride, ye meads, be gay.

Ah ! why, with sweetnes crown'd,  
 Should summer smile around ?

PHILANTHES now is number'd with the dead :

Young health, all drown'd in tears,  
A livid paleness wears;

Dim are her radiant eyes, and all her roses fade.

### VII.

HIM bright \* HYGEIA, in life's early dawn,  
Thro' nature's fav'rite walks with transport led,  
Thro' woods umbrageous, or the op'ning lawn,  
Or where fresh fountains lave the flow'ry mead:  
There summer's treasures to his view display'd,

What herbs and flow'rs salubrious juice bestow,  
Along the lowly vale, or mountain's arduous brow.

THE paralytic nerve his art confess'd,  
Quick-panting asthma, and consumption pale :  
Corrosive pain he soften'd into rest,  
And bade the fever's rage no more prevail.  
Unhappy art ! decreed at last to fail,

Why linger'd then thy salutary pow'r,  
Nor from a life so dear repell'd the destin'd hour ?

YOUR griefs, O love and friendship, how severe !  
When high to heav'n his soul pursu'd her flight ;

Your  
\* Daughter of AEsculapius, and goddess of health.

Your moving plaints still vibrate on my ear,  
Still the sad vision swims before my sight.

O'er all the mournful scene,  
Inconsolable pain,  
In ev'ry various form, appear'd express'd :  
The tear-distilling eye,  
The long, deep, broken sigh,  
Diffolv'd each tender soul, and heav'd in ev'ry breast.

VIII.

Such were their woes, and oh! how just, how due !  
What tears could equal such immense distress ?  
Time, cure of lighter ills, must ours renew,  
And years the sense of what we lose increase.  
From whom shall now the wretched hope redress ?

Religion where a nobler subject find,  
So favour'd of the skies, so dear to human kind ?

FAIR friendship, smiling on his natal hour,  
The babe selected in her sacred train ;  
She bade him round diffusive blessings show'r,  
And in his bosom fix'd her fav'rite fane,  
In glory thence how strong, yet how serene,  
Her vital influence spread its clearing rays !  
Worth felt the genial beam, and ripen'd in the blaze.

As

As lucid streams refresh the smiling plain,  
 Op'ning the flow'rs that on their borders grow ;  
 As grateful to the herb, descending rain,  
 That shrunk and wither'd in the solar glow :

So, when his voice was heard,  
 Affliction disappear'd ;  
 Pleasure with ravish'd ears imbib'd the sound ;  
 Grief with its sweetness sooth'd,  
 Each cloudy feature smooth'd,  
 And ever-waking care forgot th' eternal wound.

## IX.

SUCH elegance of taste, such graceful ease,  
 Infus'd by heav'n, thro' all his manners shone ;  
 In him it seem'd to join whate'er could please,  
 And plan the full perfection from its own :  
 He other fields and other swains had known,  
 Gentle as those of old by \* PHOEBUS taught,  
 When polish'd with his lute, like him, they spoke  
 and thought.

THUS

\* He was said to polish the swains, when, in revenge for forging the bolt which killed his son, he flew the CYCLOPS, and was doom'd to keep the flocks of ADMETUS.

Thus form'd alike to bless, and to be bless'd,  
 Such heav'nly graces kindred graces found ;  
 Her gentle turn the same, the same her taste,  
 With equal worth, and equal candour crown'd :  
 Long may she search creation's ample round,  
 The joys of such a friendship to explore ;  
 But, once in him expir'd, to joy she lives no more.

As nature to her works supremely kind,  
 His tender soul with all the parent glow'd ;  
 On all his race, his goodness unconfin'd,  
 One full exhaustless stream of fondness flow'd ;  
 Pleas'd as each genius rose  
 New prospects to disclose,  
 To form the mind, and raise its gen'rous aim ;  
 His thoughts, with virtue warm'd,  
 At once inspir'd and charm'd ;  
 His looks, his words, his smiles transfus'd the sacred  
 flame.

## X.

SAY ye, whose minds for long revolving years  
 The joys of sweet society have known,  
 Whose mutual fondness ev'ry hour endears,

Q

Whose

Whose pains, whose pleasures, and whose souls, are one ;  
 O ! say, for you can judge, and you alone,  
 What anguish pierc'd his widow'd consort's heart,  
 When from her dearer self for ever doom'd to part.

His children to the scene of death repair,  
 While more than filial sorrow bathes their eyes ;  
 His smiles indulgent, his paternal care,  
 In sadly-pleasing recollection rise :  
 But young DORINDA, with distinguish'd sighs,  
 Effusing all her soul in soft regret,  
 Seems, while she mourns his loss, to share a fa-  
 ther's fate.

WHETHER the day its wended course renew'd,  
 Or mid-night vigils wrapt the world in shade,  
 Her tender task assiduous she pursu'd,  
 To sooth his anguish, or his wants to aid ;  
 To soften ev'ry pain,  
 The meaning look explain,  
 And scan the forming wish ere yet expres'd :  
 The dying father smil'd  
 With fondness on his child,  
 And, when his tongue was mute, his eyes her good-  
 ness bless'd.

AT

XI.

At length, fair mourner ! cease thy rising woe :  
Its object still surviving seeks the skies,  
Where brighter suns in happier climates glow,  
And ampler scenes with height'ning charms surprise :  
There perfect life thy much lov'd fire enjoys,  
The life of gods, exempt from grief and pain,  
Where in immortal breasts immortal transports  
reign.

Ye mourning swains, your loud complaints forbear ;  
Still he, the Genius of our green retreat,  
Shall with benignant care our labours clear,  
And banish far each shock of adverse fate ;  
Mild suns and gentle show'rs on spring shall wait,  
His hand with ev'ry fruit shall autumn store :  
In heav'n your patron reigns, ye shepherds, weep  
no more.

HENCEFORTH his pow'r shall with your\* LARES join,  
To bid your cots with peace and pleasure smile ;  
To bid disease and languor cease to pine,

And

\* Domestic gods.

And fair abundance crown each rural toil :

While birds their lays resume,

And spring her annual bloom,

Let verdant wreaths his sacred tomb adorn ;

To him, each rising day,

Devout libations pay :

In heav'n your patron reigns, no more, ye shepherds,  
mourn.

THE

THE WISH:

AN ELEGY.

To URANIA.

*Felices ter, et amplius,  
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis  
Divulsus querimoniis  
Suprema citius solvet amor die.*      HOR.

LET others travel, with incessant pain,  
The wealth of earth and ocean to secure ;  
Then, with fond hopes, cares the precious bane ;  
In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But soon, too soon, in fancy's timid eyes,  
Wild waves shall roar, and conflagrations spread ;  
While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,  
The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadless poverty retir'd,  
The real joys of life, unenvied, share :  
Favour'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd,  
I'll yield to wealth its jealousy and care.

On

On rising ground, the prospect to command,  
 Unting'd with smoak, where vernal breezes blow,  
 In rural neatness let my cottage stand ;  
 Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighb'ring hills and pastures round,  
 Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear ;  
 Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,  
 Nor man pursue the trade of murder near :

Far hence, kind heav'n ! expel the savage train,  
 Inuse'd to blood, and eager to destroy ;  
 Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,  
 And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye pow'rs of social life and tender song !  
 To you devoted shall my fields remain ;  
 Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,  
 Nor own a smart but love's delightful pain.

For you, my trees shall wave their leafy shade ;  
 For you, my gardens tinge the lenient air ;  
 For you, be autumn's blushing gifts display'd,  
 And all that nature yields of sweet or fair.

But,

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 127

But, O ! if plaints, which love and grief inspire,  
In heav'nly breasts could e'er compassion find,  
Grant me, ah ! grant my heart's supreme desire,  
And teach my dear URANIA to be kind.

For her, black sadness clouds my brightest day ;  
For her, in tears the mid-night vigils roll ;  
For her, cold horrors melt my pow'rs away,  
And chill the living vigour of my soul.

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardor dies,  
Its joys, its wishes, and its hopes, expire ;  
In vain the fields of science tempt my eyes ;  
In vain for me the muses string the lyre.

O ! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,  
Humble no more if there she deign to shine ;  
For heav'n, unlimited by time or place,  
Still waits on god-like worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,  
How sweet with her through lonely fields to stray !  
Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,  
And add new glories to the rising day.

With

With her, all nature shines in heighten'd bloom ;  
 The silver stream in sweeter music flows ;  
 Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume ;  
 And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her, the shades of night their horrors lose,  
 Its deepest silence charms if she be by ;  
 Her voice the music of the dawn renews,  
 Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

How sweet, with her, in wisdom's calm recess,  
 To brighten soft desire with wit refin'd !  
 Kind nature's laws with sacred ASHLEY trace,  
 And view the fairest features of the mind !

Or borne on MILTON's flight, as heav'n, sublime,  
 View its full blaze in open prospect glow ;  
 Bless the first pair in *Eden*'s happy clime,  
 Or drop the human tear for endless woe.

And when, in virtue and in peace grown old,  
 No arts the languid lamp of life restore ;  
 Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,  
 Till ev'ry nerve relax'd can hold no more :  
 Long

Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,  
Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight;  
Then soar where only greater joys attend,  
And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?  
'Tis thine to languish in unpitied smart;  
'Tis thine, alas! eternal scorn to prove,  
Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But, if my fair this cruel law impose,  
Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign,  
To walk beneath the burden of my woes,  
Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingle and sincere,  
To earth's cold womb in silence I descend ;  
Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,  
And with the weeping throng her sorrows blend.

Ah! no ; be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,  
And all her soul from ev'ry anguish free :  
Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,  
The joys of heav'n would be no joys to me.

R. O. BROWN

## On the DEATH of Mr. P O P E :

## AN ELEGY.

*Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung ;  
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue :  
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays.*

POPE's Unfortunate Lady.

WHILE yet I scarce awake from dumb surprize,  
 And tepid streams profusely bathe my eyes ;  
 While soul-dissolving sighs my bosom strain,  
 And all my being sinks oppress'd with pain ;  
 Deign you, whose souls, like mine, are form'd to know  
 The nice poetic sense of bliss and woe ;  
 To those sad accents deign a pitying ear :  
 Strong be our sorrow, as the cause severe.

O Pope, what tears thy obsequies attend !  
 Britain a bard deplores, mankind a friend :  
 For thee, their darling, weep th' *Amian* choir,  
 Mute the soft voice, unstrung the tuneful lyre :  
 For thee, the virtuous and the sage shall mourn,  
 And virgin *rituals* bathe thy sacred urn :

One

One veil of grief o'er heav'n and earth be thrown,  
 And vice and envy flaunt in smiles alone.  
 Ere while deprest'd in abject dust they lay,  
 Nor with their hideous forms affronted day ;  
 While thy great genius, in their tortur'd sight,  
 Plac'd truth and virtue cloath'd with heav'nly light :  
 Now pleas'd, to open sunshine they return,  
 And o'er the fate exult which others mourn.

Ah me ! far other thoughts my soul inspire ;  
 Far other accents breathes the plaintive lyre :  
 Thee, tho' the muses bless'd with all their art,  
 And pour'd their sacred raptures on thy heart ;  
 Tho' thy lov'd virtue, with a mother's pain,  
 Deplores thy fate, alas ! deplores in vain :  
 Silent and pale thy tuneful frame remains ;  
 Death seals thy sight, and freezes in thy veins :  
 " Cold is that breast, which warm'd the world before,  
 " And that heav'n-prompted tongue shall charm no  
 " more."

Whom next shall heav'n to share thy honours chuse ;  
 Whom consecrate to virtue and the muse ?

The

The muse, by fate's eternal plan, design'd  
 To light, exalt, and humanize the mind ;  
 To bid kind pity melt, just anger glow ;  
 To kindle joy, or prompt the sighs of woe ;  
 To shake with horror, rack with tender smart,  
 And touch the finest springs that move the heart.

\* CURST he ! who, without extasy sincere,  
 The poet's soul effus'd in song can hear :  
 His aid in vain shall indigence require ;  
 Unmov'd he views his dearest friends expire :  
 Nature and nature's God that wretch detest ;  
 Unsought his friendship, and his days unblest ;  
 Hell's mazy frauds deep in his bosom roll,  
 And all her gloom hangs heavy on his soul.

As

\* What we call poetical genius, depends entirely on the quickness of moral feeling : he, therefore, who cannot feel poetry, must either have his affections and internal senses depraved by vice, or be naturally insensible of the pleasures resulting from the exercise of them. But this natural insensibility is almost never so great in any heart, as entirely to hinder the impression of well-painted passion, or natural images connected with it.

As when the sun begins his eastern way,  
To bless the nations with returning day,  
Crown'd with unfading splendor, on he flies ;  
Reveals the world, and kindles all the skies :  
The prostrate East the radiant God adore ;  
So, POPE, we view'd thee, but must view no more.  
Thee angels late beheld, with mute surprize,  
Glow with their themes, and to their accents rise ;  
They view'd with wonder thy unbounded aim,  
To trace the mazes of th' eternal scheme :  
But heav'n those scenes to human view denies,  
Those scenes impervious to celestial eyes :  
Whoe'er attempts the path, shall lose his way,  
And, wrapt in night, through endless error stray.

IN thee what talent shall we most admire ;  
The critic's judgment, or the poet's fire ?  
Alike, ~~is~~ both, to glory is thy claim ;  
Thine ARISTOTLE's taste, and HOMER's flame.

ARM'D with impartial satire, when thy muse  
Triumphant vice with all her rage pursues ;  
To hell's dread gloom the monster scours away,  
Far from the haunts of men, and scenes of day :

There,

There, curst and cursing, rack'd with raging woe,  
 Shakes with incessant howls the realms below.  
 But soon, too soon, the fiend to light shall rise ;  
 Her steps the earth scarce bound, her head the skies ;  
 Till his red terrors Jove again display,  
 Assert his laws, and vindicate his sway.

WHEN OVID's song bewails the *Lesbian* Fair,  
 Her slighted passion, and intense despair ;  
 By thee improv'd, in each soul-moving line,  
 Not OVID's wit, but SAPPHO's sorrows shine.  
 When ELOISA mourns her hapless fate,  
 What heart can cease with all her pangs to beat ?

WHILE pointed wit, with flowing numbers grac'd,  
 Excites the laugh, ev'n in the guilty breast ;  
 The gaudy coxcomb, and the fickle fair,  
 Shall dread the satire of thy *ravish'd* hair.

NOT the \* *Sicilian* breath'd a sweeter song,  
 While ARETHUSA, charm'd and list'ning, hung ;  
 For whom each muse, from her dear seat retir'd,  
 His flocks protected, and himself inspir'd :

Nor

\* THEOCRITUS.

Nor he \* who sung, while sorrow fill'd the plain,  
 How CYTHEREA mourn'd ADONIS slain ;  
 Nor † TITYRUS, who, in immortal lays,  
 Taught Mantua's echoes GALATEA's praise.  
 No more let Mantua boast unrival'd fame ;  
 Thy Windsor now shall equal honours claim :  
 Eternal fragrance shall each breeze perfume,  
 And in each grove eternal verdure bloom.

YE tuneful shepherds, and ye beauteous maids,  
 From fair *Ladona*'s banks, and *Windsor*'s shades,  
 Whose souls in transport melted at his song,  
 Soft as your sighs, and as your wishes strong ;  
 O come ! your copious annual tributes bring,  
 The full luxuriance of the rifled spring ;  
 Strip various nature of each fairest flow'r,  
 And on his tomb the gay profusion show'r.  
 Let long-liv'd pansies here their scents bestow,  
 The violets languish, and the roses glow ;  
 In yellow glory let the crocus shine,  
 Narcissus here his love-sick head recline ;  
 Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,  
 And tulips ting'd with beauty's fairest dyes.

WHO

\* BION.

† VIRGIL.

Who shall succeed thy worth, O darling swain !  
 Attempt thy reeds, or emulate thy strain ?  
 Each painted warbler of the vocal grove  
 Laments thy fate, unmindful of his love :  
 Thee, thee the breezes, thee the fountains mourn,  
 And solemn moans responsive rocks return ;  
 Shepherds and flocks protract the doleful sound,  
 And nought is heard but mingled plaints around.

WHEN first CALLIOPE thy fall survey'd,  
 Immortal tears her eyes profusely shed ;  
 Her pow'rless hand the tuneful harp resign'd ;  
 The conscious harp her griefs, low-murm'ring, join'd ;  
 Her voice in trembling cadence dy'd away,  
 And, lost in anguish, all the goddess lay.  
 Such pangs she felt, when, from the realms of light,  
 The fates, in HOMER, ravish'd her delight :  
 To thee her sacred hand consign'd his lyre,  
 And in thy bosom kindled all his fire :  
 Hence, in our tongue, his glorious labours drest,  
 Breathe all the god that warm'd their author's breast.

WHEN horrid war informs the sacred page,  
 And men and gods conflict in mutual rage,

The

The clash of arms, the trumpet's awful sound,  
And groans and clamours shake the mountains round ;  
The nations rock, earth's solid bases groan,  
And quake heav'n's arches to th' eternal throne.

WHEN EOLUS dilates the lawless wind,  
O'er nature's face to revel unconfin'd,  
Bend heav'n's blue concave, sweep the fruitful plain,  
Tear up the forest, and infrage the main ;  
In horrid native pomp the tempests shine,  
Ferment, and roar, and aestuate in each line.

WHEN SISYPHUS; with many a weary groan,  
Rolls up the hill the still-revolving stone ;  
The loaded line, like it, seems to recoil,  
Strains his bent nerves, and heaves with his full toil ;  
But, when resulting rapid from its height,  
Precipitate the numbers emulate the flight.

As when creative Energy, employ'd,  
With various beings fill'd the boundless void ;  
With deep survey th' omniscient Parent view'd  
The mighty fabric, and confess'd it good ;

He view'd, exulting with immense delight,  
 The lovely transcript, as th' idea, bright :  
 So swell'd the \* bard with exftasy divine,  
 When full and finisht rose his bright design ;  
 So, from th' Elysian bow'rs, he joy'd to see  
 All his immortal self reviv'd in thee.  
 While fame enjoys thy consecrated fane,  
 First of th' inspir'd, with him for ever reign ;  
 With his, each distant age shall rank thy name,  
 And ev'n reluctant envy hiss acclaim.

BUT, ah ! blind fate will no distinction know ;  
 Swift down the torrent all alike must flow :  
 Wit, virtue, learning, are alike its prey ;  
 All, all must tread th' irremovable way.

No more fond wishes in my breast shall roll,  
 Distend my heart, and kindle all my soul,  
 To breathe my honest raptures in thy ear,  
 And feel thy kindness in returns sincere ;  
 Thy art, I hop'd, should teach the muse to sing,  
 Direct her flight, and prune her infant wing :

Now,

Now, muse, be dumb ; or let thy song deplore  
Thy pleasures blasted, and thy hopes no more.

TREMENDOUS pow'rs ! who rule th' eternal state,  
Whose voice is thunder, and whose nod is fate ;  
Did I for empire, second to your own,  
Cling round the shrine, and importune the throne ?  
Pray'd I, that fame should bear my name on high,  
Through nation'd earth, or all-involving sky ?  
Woo'd I for me the sun to toil and shine,  
The gem to brighten, or mature the mine ?  
Tho' deep involv'd in adamantine night,  
Ask'd I again to view heav'n's cheerful light ?  
POPE's love I sought ; that only boon deny'd,  
O life ! what pleasure canst thou boast beside,  
Worth my regard, or equal to my pride ?

THUS mourns a tim'rous muse, unknown to fame,  
Thus sheds her sweetest incense on thy name ;  
Whilst on her lips imperfect accents die,  
Tear following tear, and sigh succeeding sigh :  
She mourns, nor she alone, with fond regret,  
A world, a feeling world, must weep thy fate.

WHERE

WHERE polish'd arts and sacred science reign,  
Where'er the Nine their tuneful presence deign ;  
There shall thy glory, with unclouded blaze,  
Command immortal monuments of praise :  
From clime to clime the circling sun shall view  
Its rival splendor still his own pursue.  
While the swift torrent from its source descends ;  
While round this globe heav'n's ample concave bends ;  
Whilst all its living lamps their course maintain,  
And lead the beauteous year's revolving train ;  
So long shall men thy heav'nly song admire,  
And nature's charms and thine at once expire.

A SOLILOQUY:

Occasioned by the Author's escape from falling into a deep well, where he must have been irrecoverably lost, if a favourite lap-dog had not, by the sound of its feet upon the board with which the well was covered, warned him of his danger,

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satit*

*Cautum est in horas.* —————

HORAT.

WHERE am I! — O Eternal Pow'r of heav'n!  
Relieve me; or, amid the silent gloom,  
Can danger's cry approach no gen'rous ear  
Prompt to redress th' unhappy? O my heart!  
What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?  
Will no kind hand, benevolent as heav'n,  
Save me involv'd in peril and in night?

ERECT with horror stands my bristling hair;  
My tongue forgets its motion; strength forsakes  
My trembling limbs; my voice, impell'd in vain,

No

No passage finds ; cold, cold as death, my blood,  
 Keen as the breath of winter, chills each vein.  
 For on the verge, the awful verge of fate  
 Scarce fix'd I stand ; and one progressive step  
 Had plung'd me down, unfathomably deep,  
 To gulphs impervious to the cheerful sun  
 And fragrant breeze ; to that abhor'd abode,  
 Where Silence and Oblivion, sisters drear !  
 With cruel Death confed'rate empire hold,  
 In desolation and primæval gloom.

HA ! what unmans me thus ? what, more than horror,  
 Relaxes ev'ry nerve, untunes my frame,  
 And chills my inmost soul ?— Be still, my heart !  
 Nor, flutt'ring thus, in vain attempt to burst  
 The barrier firm, by which thou art confin'd.  
 Resume your functions, limbs ! restrain those knees  
 From smiting thus each other. Rouse, my soul !  
 Assert thy native dignity, and dare  
 To brave this king of terrors ; to confront  
 His cloudy brow, and unrelenting frown,  
 With steady scorn, in conscious triumph bold.  
 Reason, that beam of uncreated day,  
 That

That ray of Deity, by God's own breath  
Infus'd and kindled, reason will dispel  
Those fancy'd terrors : reason will instruct thee,  
That death is heav'n's kind interposing hand,  
To snatch thee timely from impending woe ;  
From aggregated misery, whose pangs  
Can find no other period but the grave.

FOR oh!—while others gaze on nature's face,  
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and  
streams ;  
Or, with delight ineffable, survey  
The sun, bright image of his parent God ;  
The seasons, in majestic order, round  
This vary'd globe revolving ; young-ey'd spring,  
Profuse of life and joy ; summer, adorn'd  
With keen effulgence, bright'ning heav'n and earth ;  
Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,  
To bleſs the toiling hind ; and winter, grand  
With rapid storms, convulſing nature's frame :  
Whilst others view heav'n's all-involving arch,  
Bright with unnumber'd worlds ; and, lost in joy,  
Fair order and utility behold :

Or,

Or, unfatigu'd, th' amazing chain pursue,  
 Which, in one vast all-comprehending whole,  
 Unites th' immense stupendous works of God,  
 Conjoining part with part, and, thto' the frame;  
 Diffusing sacred harmony and joy :  
 To me those fair vicissitudes are lost,  
 And grace and beauty blotted from my view.  
 The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,  
 One horrid blank appear; the young-ey'd spring,  
 Effulgent summer, autumn deck'd in wealth  
 To bless the toiling hind, and winter grand  
 With rapid storms, revolve in vain for me :  
 Nor the bright sun, nor all-embracing arch  
 Of heav'n, shall e'er those wretched orbs behold.

O Beauty, Harmony ! ye sister train  
 Of Graces ; you, who in th' admiring eye  
 Of God your charms display'd, ere yet, transcrib'd  
 On nature's form, your heav'nly features shone :  
 Why are you snatch'd for ever from my sight,  
 Whilst, in your stead, a boundless waste expans'e  
 Of undistinguish'd horror covers all ?  
 Wide o'er my prospect rueful darkness breathes

Her

Her inauspicious vapour ; in whose shade,  
 Fear, grief, and anguish, natives of her reign,  
 In social sadness, gloomy vigils keep :  
 With them I walk, with them still doom'd to share  
 Eternal blackness, without hopes of dawn.

HENCE oft the hand of ignorance and scorn,  
 To barb'rous mirth abandon'd, points me out  
 With idiot grin : the supercilious eye  
 Oft, from the noise and glare of prosp'rous life,  
 On my obscurity diverts its gaze  
 Exulting ; and, with wanton pride inflate,  
 Felicitates its own superior lot :  
 Inhuman triumph ! Hence the piercing taunt  
 Of titled insolence inflicted deep.  
 Hence the warm blush that paints ingenuous shame,  
 By conscious want inspir'd ; th' unpitied pang  
 Of love and friendship slighted. Hence the tear  
 Of impotent compassion, when the voice  
 Of pain, by others felt, quick smites my heart,  
 And rouses all its tenderness in vain.  
 All these, and more, on this devoted head,  
 Have with collected bitterness been pour'd.

Nor end my sorrows here. The sacred fane  
 Of knowledge, scarce accessible to me,  
 With heart-consuming anguish I behold ;  
 Knowledge, for which my soul insatiate burns  
 With ardent thirst. Nor can these useless hands,  
 Untutor'd in each life-sustaining art,  
 Nourish this wretched being, and supply  
 Frail nature's wants that short cessation know.

WHERE \* now, ah! where is that supporting arm  
 Which to my weak unequal infant steps  
 Its kind assistance lent ? Ah ! where that love,  
 That strong assiduous tenderness, which watch'd  
 My wishes yet scarce form'd ; and, to my view,  
 Unimportun'd, like all-indulging heav'n,  
 Their objects brought ? Ah ! where that gentle voice  
 Which, with instruction, soft as summer dews  
 Or fleecy snows, descending on my soul,  
 Distinguish'd ev'ry hour with new delight ?  
 Ah ! where that virtue, which, amid the storms,  
 The mingled horrors of tumultuous life,  
 Untainted, unsubdu'd, the shock sustain'd ?

So

\* The character here drawn is that of the author's father, whose unforeseen fate had just before happened.

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 147

So firm the oak which, in eternal night,  
As deep its root extends, as high to heav'n  
Its top majestic rises : such the smile  
Of some benignant angel, from the throne  
Of God dispatch'd, ambassador of peace ;  
Who on his look imprest his message bears,  
And pleas'd, from earth averts impending ill.  
Alas ! no wife thy parting kisses shar'd ;  
From thy expiring lips no child receiv'd  
Thy last dear blessing and thy last advice.  
Friend, father, benefactor, all at once,  
In thee forsook me, an unguarded prey  
For ev'ry storm, whose lawless fury roars  
Beneath the azure concave of the sky,  
To toss, and on my head exhaust its rage.

DEJECTING prospect ! soon the hapless hour  
May come ; perhaps this moment it impends,  
Which drives me forth to penury and cold,  
Naked and beat by all the storms of heav'n,  
Friendless and guideless to explore my way ;  
Till, on cold earth this poor unshelter'd head  
Reclining, vainly from the ruthless blast  
Respite I beg, and in the shock expire.

ME

Me miserable ! wherefore, O my soul !  
 Was, on such hard conditions, life desir'd ?  
 One step, one friendly step, without thy guilt,  
 Had plac'd me safe in that profound recess,  
 Where, undisturb'd, eternal quiet reigns,  
 And sweet forgetfulness of grief and care.  
 Why, then, my coward soul ! didst thou recoil ?  
 Why shun the final exit of thy woe ?  
 Why shiver at approaching dissolution ?

SAY why, by nature's unresisted force,  
 Is ev'ry being, where volition reigns  
 And active choice, impell'd to shun their fate,  
 And dread destruction as the worst of ills ?  
 Say, why they shrink, why fly, why fight, why risk  
 Precarious life, to lengthen out its date,  
 Which, lengthen'd, is, at best, protracted pain ?  
 Say, by what mystic charms, can life allure  
 Unnumber'd beings, who, beneath me far  
 Plac'd in th' extensive scale of nature, want  
 Those blessings heav'n accumulates on me ?  
 Blessings superior ; tho' the blaze of day  
 Pours on their sight its soul-refreshing stream,

To me extinct in everlasting shades :  
 Yet heav'n-taught music, at whose powerful voice,  
 Corrosive care and anguish, charm'd to peace,  
 Forsake the heart, and yield it all to joy,  
 Ne'er sooths their pangs. To their insensate view  
 Knowledge in vain her fairest treasure spreads.  
 To them the noblest gift of bounteous heav'n,  
 Sweet conversation, whose enliv'ning force  
 Elates, distends, and, with unfading strength,  
 Inspires the soul, remains for ever lost.  
 The sacred sympathy of social hearts ;  
 Benevolence, supreme delight of heav'n ;  
 Th' extensive wish, which, in one wide embrace,  
 All beings circles, when the swelling soul  
 Partakes the joys of God ; ne'er warms their breasts.

As yet my soul ne'er felt th' oppressive weight  
 Of indigence unaided : swift redress,  
 Beyond the daring flight of hope, approach'd,  
 And ev'ry wish of nature amply blest.  
 Tho', o'er the future series of my fate,  
 Ill omens seem to brood, and stars malign  
 To blend their baleful fire : oft, while the sun

Darts boundless glory thro' th' expanse of heav'n,  
A gloom of congregated vapours rise,  
Than night more dreadful in her blackest shroud,  
And o'er the face of things incumbent hang,  
Portending tempest ; till the source of day  
Again asserts the empire of the sky,  
And, o'er the blotted scene of nature, throws  
A keener splendor. So, perhaps, that care,  
Thro' all creation felt, but most by man,  
Which hears with kind regard the tender sigh  
Of modest want, may dissipate my fears,  
And bid my hours a happier flight assume.  
Perhaps, enliv'ning hope ! perhaps my soul  
May drink at wisdom's fountain, and allay  
Her unextinguish'd ardor in the stream :  
Wisdom, the constant magnet, where each wish,  
Set by the hand of nature, ever points,  
Restless and faithful, as th' attractive force  
By which all bodies to the centre tend.

WHAT then ! because th' indulgent Sire of all  
Has, in the plan of things, prescrib'd my sphere ;  
Because consummate Wisdom thought not fit,

In

In affluence and pomp, to bid me shine ;  
Shall I regret my destiny, and curse  
That state, by heav'n's paternal care, design'd  
To train me up for scenes, with which compar'd,  
These ages, measur'd by the orbs of heav'n,  
In blank annihilation fade away ?  
For scenes, where, finish'd by almighty art,  
Beauty and order open to the sight  
In vivid glory ; where the faintest rays  
Out-flash the splendor of our mid-day sun ?  
Say, shall the Source of all, who first assign'd  
To each constituent of this wond'rous frame  
Its proper pow'rs, its place and action due,  
With due degrees of weakness, whence results  
Concord ineffable ; shall he reverse,  
Or disconcert the universal scheme,  
The gen'ral good, to flatter selfish pride  
And blind desire ?—Before th' Almighty voice  
From non-existence call'd me into life,  
What claim had I to being ? what to shine  
In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb  
The steep ascent of virtue, unrelax'd,  
Till infinite perfection crown their toil ?

Who,

Darts boundless glory thro' th' expanse of heav'n,  
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Till infinite perfection crown their toil ?

Who,

Who, conscious of their origin divine,  
 Eternal order, beauty, truth and good,  
 Perceive, like their great Parent, and admire.

HUSH ! then, my heart, with pious cares suppress  
 This tumid pride and impotence of soul :  
 Learn now, why all those multitudes, which crowd  
 This spacious theatre, and gaze on heav'n,  
 Invincibly averse to meet their fate,  
 Avoid each danger : know this sacred truth,  
 All-perfect Wisdom, on each living soul,  
 Engrav'd this mandate, " to preserve their frame,  
 And hold entire the gen'ral orb of being."  
 Then, with becoming rev'rence let each pow'r,  
 In deep attention, hear the voice of God ;  
 That awful voice, which, speaking to the soul,  
 Commands its resignation to his law !

FOR this, has heav'n to virtue's glorious stage  
 Call'd me, and plac'd the garland in my view,  
 The wreath of conquest ; basely to desert  
 The part assign'd me, and, with dastard fear,  
 From present pain, the cause of future bliss,  
 To shrink into the bosom of the grave ?

How,

How, then, is gratitude's vast debt repaid ?  
 Where all the tender offices of love  
 Due to fraternal man, in which the heart,  
 Each blessing it communicates, enjoys ?  
 How then shall I obey the first great law  
 Of nature's Legislator, deep imprest  
 With double sanction ; restless fear of death,  
 And fondness still to breathe this vital air ?  
 Nor is th' injunction hard : who would not sink  
 A while in tears and sorrow ; then emerge  
 With tenfold lustre ; triumph o'er his pain ;  
 And, with unfading glory, shine in heav'n ?

COME then, my little guardian Genius ! cloath'd  
 In that familiar form ; my PHYLAX, come !  
 Let me caress thee, hug thee to my heart,  
 Which beats with joy of life preserv'd by thee.  
 Had not thy interposing fondness staid  
 My blind precipitation, now, ev'n now,  
 My soul, by nature's sharpest pangs expell'd,  
 Had left this frame ; had pass'd the dreadful bound,  
 Which life from death divides ; divides this scene  
 From vast eternity, whose deep'ning shades,

Impervious to the sharpest mortal sight,  
Elude our keenest search. —— But still I err.  
Howe'er thy grateful undesigning heart,  
In ills foreseen, with promptitude might aid ;  
Yet this, beyond thy utmost reach of thought,  
Not ev'n remotely distant could'st thou view.  
Secure thy steps the fragile board could press,  
Nor feel the least alarm where I had sunk :  
Nor could'st thou judge the awful depth below,  
Which, from its watry bottom, to receive  
My fall, tremendous yawn'd. Thy utmost skill,  
Thy deepest penetration here had stopt  
Short of its aim ; and, in the strong embrace  
Of ruin struggling, left me to expire.  
No — heav'n's high Sov'reign, provident of all,  
Thy passive organs moving, taught thee first,  
To check my heedless course ; and hence I live.

ETERNAL Providence ! whose equal sway  
Weighs each event ; whose ever-waking care,  
Connecting high with low, minute with great,  
Attunes the wondrous whole, and bids each part  
In one unbroken harmony conspire :

Hail !

Hail ! sacred Source of happiness and life !  
Substantial Good, bright intellectual Sun !  
To whom my soul, by sympathy innate,  
Unweary'd tends ; and finds, in thee alone,  
Security, enjoyment, and repose.

By thee, O God ! by thy paternal arm,  
Through ev'ry period of my infant state,  
Sustain'd I live to yield thee praises due.  
O ! could my lays, with heav'nly raptures warm,  
High as thy throne, re-echoe to the songs  
Of angels ; thence, O ! could my pray'r obtain  
One beam of inspiration, to inflame  
And animate my numbers : heav'n's full choir,  
In loftier strains, th' inspiring God might sing ;  
Yet not more ardent, more sincere, than mine.  
But tho' my voice, beneath the seraph's note,  
Must check its feeble accents, low deprest  
By dull mortality ; to thee, great Soul  
Of heav'n and earth ! to thee my hallow'd strain  
Of gratitude and praise shall still ascend.

## E L E G Y :

To the MEMORY of

C O N S T A N T I A.

*His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani  
Munere.——*

VIRG.

**B**Y the pale glimmer of the conscious moon,  
When slumber, on the humid eyes of woe,  
Sheds its kind lenitive ; what mournful voice  
So sadly sweet, on my attentive ear,  
Its moving plaint effuses : like the song  
Of PHILOMEL, when thro' the vocal air,  
Impell'd by deep inconsolable grief,  
She breathes her soft, her melancholy strain ;  
And nature with religious silence hears ?  
'Tis she ; my wand'ring senses recognize  
The well-known charm, and all my list'ning soul  
Is expectation. Oh ! 'tis that dear voice,  
Whose gentle accents charm'd my happier days ;  
Ere sharp affliction's iron hand had prest  
Her vernal youth, and sunk her with the blow.

TELL

TELL me, thou heav'nly excellence ! whose form  
Still rises to my view, whose melting song  
For ever echoes on my trembling ear,  
Delightful ev'n in misery ; O say !  
What bright distinguish'd mansion in the sky  
Receives thy suff'ring virtue from the storm,  
That on thy tender blossom pour'd its rage ?  
Early, alas ! too early didst thou feel  
Its most tempestuous fury. From the calm,  
The soft serenity of life how led  
An unsuspecting victim ! Ev'ry blast  
Pierc'd to thy inmost soul, amidst the waste  
Of cruel fortune left to seek thy way  
Unshelter'd and alone ; while to thy groans  
No gen'rous ear reclin'd, no friendly roof,  
With hospitable umbrage, entertain'd  
Thy drooping sweetness uninur'd to pain.  
That lib'ral hand, which, to the tortur'd sense  
Of anguish, comfort's healing balm apply'd,  
To heav'n and earth extended, vainly now  
Implores the consolation once it gave,  
Nor suppliant meets redress. That eye benign,  
The seat of mercy, which to each distress,

Ev'n by thy foe sustain'd, the gentle tear,  
A willing tribute, paid, now fruitless weeps,  
Nor gains that pity it so oft bestow'd.

THOU loveliest sacrifice that ever fell  
To perfidy and unrelenting hate !  
How, in the hour of confidence and hope,  
When love and expectation to thy heart  
Spoke peace, and plac'd felicity in view ;  
How fled the bright illusion, and at once  
Forsook thee plung'd in exquisite despair !  
Thy friends ; the insects of a summer-gale  
That sport and flutter in the mid-day beam  
Of gay prosperity, or from the flow'rs,  
That in her sunshine bloom, with ardor fuck  
Sweetness unearn'd ; thy temporary friends,  
Or blind with headlong fury, or abus'd  
By ev'ry gross imposture, or supine,  
Lull'd by the songs of ease and pleasure, saw  
Thy bitter destiny with cool regard.  
Ev'n sacred nature pled for thee in vain :  
Deaf to her tender importuning call,  
And all the father in his soul extinct,

Thy

Thy parent sat ; while on thy guiltless head  
Each various torment, that imbibers life,  
Exhausted all their force : and, to insure  
Their execrable conquest, black and fell,  
Ev'n as her native region, Slander join'd ;  
And o'er thy virtue, spotless as the wish  
Of infant souls, inexorable breath'd  
Her pestilential vapour. Hence fair Truth,  
Persuasive as the tongue of seraphs, pled  
Unheard the cause of Innocence ; the blush  
Of fickle friendship hence forgot to glow.

MEAN while, from these retreats with hapless speed,  
By ev'ry hope and ev'ry wish impell'd,  
Thy steps explor'd protection. Whence explor'd ?  
Ah me ! from whom, and to what cursed arms  
Wert thou betray'd : unfeeling as the rock  
Which splits the vessel ; while its helpless crew,  
With shrieks of horror, deprecate their fate ?  
O earth ! O righteous heav'n ! could'st thou behold,  
While yet thy patient hand the thunder grasp'd,  
Nor hurl'd the flaming vengeance ; could'st thou see  
The violated vow, the marriage rite  
Profan'd, and all the sacred ties, which bind

Or

Or God or man, abandon'd to the scorn  
Of vice by long impunity confirm'd ?

BUT thou, perfidious ! tremble. — If on high  
The Hand of justice with impartial scale  
Each word, each action poises, and exacts  
Severe atonement from th' offending heart ;  
Oh ! what hast thou to dread ? what endless pangs,  
What deep damnation must thy soul endure ?  
On earth 'twas thine to perpetrate a crime,  
From whose grim visage guilt of shameless brow,  
Ev'n in its wild career, might shrink appall'd :  
'Tis thine to fear hereafter, if not feel,  
Plagues that can boast no precedent in hell.  
Ev'n in the silent safe domestic hour,  
Ev'n in the scene of tenderness and peace,  
Remorse, more fierce than all the fiends below,  
In fancy's ears, shall, with a thousand tongues,  
Thunder despair and ruin : all her snakes  
Shall rear their speckled crests aloft in air,  
With ceaseless horrid hiss ; shall brandish quick  
Their forked tongues, or roll their kindling eyes  
With sanguine fiery glare. Ev'n while each sense  
Glows with the rapture of tumultuous joy,

The

The tears of injur'd beauty, the complaints  
Of truth immaculate, by thee expos'd  
To wrongs unnumber'd, shall disturb thy bliss ;  
Shall freeze thy blood with fear, and to thy sight  
Anticipate th' impending wrath of heav'n.  
In sleep, kind pause of being ! when the nerve  
Of toil unbends, when, from the heart of care,  
Retires the fated vulture, when disease  
And disappointment quaff *letbean* draughts  
Of sweet oblivion ; from his charge unblest,  
Shall speed thy better angel : to thy dreams  
Th' infernal gulph shall open, and disclose  
Its latent horrors. O'er the burning lake  
Of blue sulphureous gleam, the piercing shriek,  
The scourge incessant, and the clanking chain,  
Shall scar thee ev'n to frenzy. On thy mind  
Its fiercest flames shall prey ; while from its depth  
Some gnashing fury beckons thy approach,  
And, thirsty of perdition, waits to plunge  
Thy naked soul, ten thousand fathom down,  
Amidst the boiling surges. Such their fate,  
Whose hearts, indocile to the sacred lore  
Of wisdom, truth, and virtue, banish far

The cry of soft compassion ; nor can taste  
Beatitude supreme in giving joy !  
Thy race, the product of a lawless flame,  
Ev'n while thy fond imagination plans  
Their future grandeur, in thy mock'd embrace  
Shall prematurely perish ; or survive  
To feel their father's infamy, and curse  
The tainted origin from which they sprung.  
For, Oh ! thy soul no soft compunction knew,  
When that fair form, where all the Graces liv'd,  
Perfection's brightest triumph, from thy breast  
The sport of milder winds and seas was thrown,  
To glow or shiver in the keen extremes  
Of ev'ry various climate : when that cheek,  
Ting'd with the blush of heav'n's unfading rose,  
Grew pale with pining anguish : when that voice,  
By angels tun'd to harmony and love,  
Trembled with agony ; and, in thine ear,  
Utter'd the last extremity of smart.

FROM foreign bounty she obtain'd that aid  
Which friendship, love, humanity, at home,  
Deny'd her blasted worth. From foreign hands  
Her glowing lips receiv'd the cooling draught,  
To

To sooth the fever's rage. From foreign eyes  
The tear, by nature, love and friendship due,  
Flow'd copious o'er the wreck, whose charms, in  
death

Still blooming, at the hand of ruin smil'd.  
Destin'd, alas ! in foreign climes to leave  
Her pale remains unhonour'd ; while the herse  
Of wealthy guilt emblazon'd boasts the pride  
Of painted heraldry, and sculptur'd stone  
Protects or flatters its detested fame.

Vain trappings of mortality ! When these  
Shall crumble, like the worthless dust they hide,  
Then thou, dear spirit ! in immortal joy,  
Crown'd with intrinsic honours, shalt appear ;  
And God himself, to list'ning worlds, proclaim  
Thy injur'd tenderness, thy faith unstain'd,  
Thy mildness long insulted, and thy worth  
Severely try'd, and found at last sincere.

BUT where, Oh ! where shall art or nature find,  
For smarting sorrow's ever-recent wound,  
Some blest restorative ; whose pow'rful charm  
May sooth thy friend's regret, within his breast

Suf-

Suspend the sigh spontaneous, bid the tear,  
 By sad reflexion prompted, cease to fall ?  
 These, still as moments, days and years revolve,  
 A consecrated off'ring, shall attend  
 Thy dear idea uneffac'd by time :  
 Till the pale night of destiny obscure  
 Life's wasting taper ; till each torpid sense  
 Feel death's chill hand, and grief complain no more.

## EPISTLE I.

To C L I O :

In answer to one, in which she informed me of her de-  
 parture from DUMFRIES.

WHEN CLIO seem'd forgetful of my pain,  
 A soft impatience throbb'd in ev'ry vein ;  
 Each tedious hou'r I thought an age of woe ;  
 So few their pleasures, and their pace so slow :  
 But, when your moving accents reach'd my ear,  
 Just, as your taste, and as your heart, sincere ;  
 My soul re-echo'd, while the melting strain  
 Beat in each pulse, and flow'd in ev'ry vein.

AH !

AH! teach my verse, like your's, to be refin'd ;  
 Your force of language, and your strength of mind :  
 Teach me that winning, soft, persuasive art,  
 Which ravishes the soul, and charms the heart :  
 Then ev'ry heighten'd pow'r I will employ,  
 To paint your merit, and express my joy.  
 Less soft the strains, the numbers less refin'd,  
 With which great ORPHEUS polish'd human kind ;  
 Whose magic force could lawless vice reprove,  
 And teach a world the sweets of social love.

WHEN great \* ACASTO's virtues grac'd your lays,  
 My soul was lost in the effulgent blaze ;  
 Whose love, like heav'n, to all mankind extends,  
 Supplies the indigent, the weak defends ;  
 Pursues the good of all with steady aim ;  
 One bright, unwearied, unextinguish'd flame.

What

\* A Gentleman in *Galloway*, distinguish'd for hospitality; for his inviolable attachment to the interests of his country; and, in short, for all those virtues which adorned his own ancestors, and dignify human nature.

What transport felt my soul, what keen delight,  
 When its full blaze of glory met my sight?  
 But soon, too soon, the happy gleam was o'er;  
 What joy can reign, where Clio is no more?

Ah! hapless me! must yet more woes inspire  
 The mournful song, and tune the tragic lyre?  
 Her Clio's absence must the muse complain,  
 The last and greatest of the fable train?  
 From these intrusive thoughts all pleasure flies,  
 And leaves my soul benighted, like my eyes.

YET, while absorb'd in thought alone I stray,  
 On ev'ry sense while silent sorrows prey,  
 Or from some arbor, conscious of my pain,  
 While to the sighing breeze I sigh in vain;  
 May each new moment, fraught with new delight,  
 Crown your bright day, and bless your silent night:  
 May height'ning raptures ev'ry sense surprise,  
 Music your ears, gay prospects charm your eyes:  
 May all on earth, and all in heav'n conspire  
 To make your pleasures lasting, and entire.  
 'Tis this alone can sooth my anxious breast,  
 Secure of bliss, while conscious you are blest.

E P I S T L E

EPISTLE II.

To the same. From *Edinburgb.*

FROM where bleak north winds chill the frozen  
skies,

And lov'd EDINA's lofty turrets rise,  
Sing, heav'nly muse ! to thy lov'd Clio sing ;  
Tune thy faint voice, and stretch thy drooping wing.

COULD I, like URIEL, on some pointed ray,  
To your far distant *Eden* wing my way,  
Out-strip the moments, scorn the swiftest wind,  
And leave ev'n wing'd desire to lag behind ;  
So strong, so swift, I'd fly the port to gain ;  
The speed of angels should pursue in vain.

AH ! whither, whither would my fancy stray ?  
Nor hope sustains, nor reason leads the way :  
No, let my eyes in scalding sorrows flow,  
Vast as my loss, and endless as my woe :  
Flow, till the torrent quench this vital flame,  
And, with increasing hours, increase the stream.

Yet,

Yet, CLIO, hear, in pity to my smart ;  
 If gentle pity e'er could touch thy heart :  
 Let but one line suspend my constant care,  
 Too faint for hope, too lively for despair :  
 Thee let me still with wonted rapture find  
 The muse's patroness, and poet's friend.

## E P I S T L E III.

To DORINDA ; with *Venice Preserv'd*.

IF friendship gains not pardon for the muse,  
 Immortal OTWAY, sure, will plead excuse :  
 For eyes like thine he wrote his moving lays,  
 Which feel the poet, and which weep his praise.  
 Whether great JAFFIER tender grief inspires,  
 Struggling with cruel fate, and high desires ;  
 Or BELVIDERA's gentler accents flow,  
 When all her soul she breathes in love and woe :  
 Drawn from the heart the various passions shine,  
 And wounded nature bleeds in ev'ry line.  
 As when some turtle spies her lovely mate  
 Pierc'd by the ball, or flutt'ring in the net ;  
 Her little heart just bursting with despair,  
 She droops her wings, and coos her soul to air.

E P I-

EPISTLE IV.

To Miss ANNIE RAE:

With the Manual of EPICTETUS, and Tablature of CEBES.

**G**O; happy leaves! to ANNA's view disclose  
What solid joy from real virtue flows ;  
When, like the world, self-pois'd, th' exalted soul,  
Unshaken, scorns the storms that round her roll ;  
And, in herself collected, joys to find  
Th' untainted image of th' Eternal Mind.

To bid mankind their end supreme pursue,  
On God and nature fix their wand'ring view ;  
To teach reluctant passion to obey,  
Check'd, or impell'd by reason's awful sway ;  
From films of error purge the mental eye,  
Till undissembled good in prospect lie ;  
The soul with heav'n-born virtue to inflame :  
Such was the *Stoic's* and *Socratic's* aim.

O ! could they view from yon immortal scene,  
Where beauty, truth and good, unclouded, reign,

Y

Fair

Fair hands like thine revolve their labour'd page,  
 Imbibe their truth, and in their task engage ;  
 With rapture would they hail so fair a sight,  
 And feel new bliss in heav'n's supreme delight.

### P R O L O G U E to O T H E L L O :

Spoken by Mr. LOVE, at the opening of the Play-house  
 in DUMFRIES.

Y E souls ! by soft humanity inspir'd,  
 For gen'rous hearts and manners free admir'd ;  
 Where taste and commerce, amicably join'd,  
 Imbellish life, and cultivate the mind :  
 Without a blush you may support our stage ;  
 No tainted joys shall here your view engage.  
 To tickle fools with prostituted art,  
 Debauch the fancy, and corrupt the heart,  
 Let others stoop ; such meanness we despise,  
 And please with virtuous objects virtuous eyes.

THE tender soul what dire convulsions tear,  
 When whisp'ring villains gain th' uncautious ear ;  
 How heav'nly mild, yet how intensely bright,  
 Fair Innocence, tho' clouded, strikes the sight ;  
 What

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 171

What endless plagues from jealous fondness flow,  
This night our faithful scenes attempt to show :  
No new-born whim, no hasty flash of wit ;  
But nature's dictates by great SHAKESPEAR writ.

IMMORTAL bard ! who, with a master hand,  
Could all the movements of the soul command ;  
With pity footh, with terror shake her frame ;  
In love dissolve her, or to rage inflame.

To taste and virtue, heav'n-descended pair !  
While pleas'd we thus devote our art and care ;  
To crown our ardor, let your fav'ring smile  
Reward our hopes, and animate our toil :  
So may your eyes no weeping moments know,  
But when they share some DESDAEMONA's woe.

P R O-

PROLOGUE to *HAMLET*:

Spoken by Mr. LOVE, at Dumfries.

**I**NSPIR'D with pleasing hope to entertain,  
Once more we offer SHAKESPEAR's heav'nly strain ;  
While, hov'ring round, his laurel'd shade surveys  
What eyes shall pour their tribute to his praise ;  
What hearts with tender pity shall regret  
The bitter grief that clouds OPHELIA's fate.

ONCE fair she flourish'd, nature's joy and pride,  
But droop'd and wither'd, when a father dy'd.  
Severe extremes of tenderneſs and wee,  
When love and virtue mourn one common blow ;  
When griefs alternate o'er the bosom reign,  
And ev'ry ſenſe, and ev'ry thought is pain !  
Here nature triumph'd, on her throne ſublime,  
And mock'd each pygmy muſe of later time ;  
Till SHAKESPEAR touch'd the ſoul with all her ſmart,  
And ſtamp'd her living image on the heart.

From

From his instructive song we deeply feel,  
 How vainly guilt its horrors would conceal.  
 Tho' night and silence with the fraud conspire,  
 To bid the crime from human search retire ;  
 Tho' yet the traitor seem from harm secure,  
 And fate a while suspend th' avenging hour ;  
 Tho' fortune nurse him with a mother's care,  
 And deck her pageant in a short-liv'd glare :  
 In vain he struggles to disguise his smart,  
 A living plague corrodes his ulcer'd heart ;  
 While ev'ry form of ruin meets his eyes,  
 And heav'n's vindictive terrors round him rise.

Such salutary truths their light diffuse,  
 Where honours due attend the scenic muse :  
 Deep by her sacred signature imprest,  
 They mingle with the soul, and warm the breast.  
 Hence taught of old, the pious and the sage,  
 With veneration, patroniz'd the stage.

But, soft ! methinks you cry with some surprize,  
 " How long intend you thus to moralize ?"  
 Our prologue deviates from establish'd rules,

Nor

Nor shocks the fair, nor calls the critics fools,  
 'Tis true ; but, dully fond of common sense,  
 We still think spleen to wit has no pretence ;  
 Think impudence is far remote from spirit,  
 And modesty, tho' awkward, has some merit.

THE *A U T H O R ' S P I C T U R E.*

WHILE in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,  
 And touch each feature with a trembling hand ;  
 Deign, lovely SELF ! with art and nature's pride,  
 To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.

SELF is the grand pursuit of half mankind :  
 How vast a crowd by self, like me, are blind !  
 By self, the fop, in magic colours shown,  
 Tho' scorn'd by ev'ry eye, delights his own :  
 When age and wrinkles seize the conqu'ring maid,  
 Self, not the glass, reflects the flatt'ring shade.  
 Then, wonder-working self ! begin the lay ;  
 Thy charms to others, as to me, display.

STRAIGHT.

STRAIGHT is my person, but of little size ;  
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes :  
My youthful down is, like my talents, rare ;  
Politely distant stands each single hair.  
My voice, too rough to charm a lady's ear ;  
So smooth, a child may listen without fear ;  
Not form'd in cadence soft and warbling lays,  
To sooth the fair thro' pleasure's wanton ways.  
My form so fine, so singular, so new ;  
My port so manly, and so fresh my hue ;  
Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing say,  
" See, see *Memento mori* cross the way."  
The ravish'd PROSERPINE at last, we know,  
Grew fondly jealous of her fable beau ;  
But, thanks to nature ! none from me need fly ;  
One heart the Devil could wound— so cannot I.

YET, tho' my person fearless may be seen,  
There is some danger in my graceful mien :  
For, as some vessel, toss'd by wind and tide,  
Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from side to side ;  
In just vibration thus I always move :  
This who can view, and not be forc'd to love ?

HAIL !

HAIL! charming self! by whose propitious aid  
 My form in all its glory stands display'd :  
 Be present still ; with inspiration kind,  
 Let the same faithful colours paint the mind.

LIKE all mankind, with vanity I'm bless'd ;  
 Conscious of wit I never yet possess'd.  
 To strong desires my heart an easy prey,  
 Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.  
 This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe ;  
 The next I wonder why I should do so.  
 Tho' poor, the rich I view with careless eye ;  
 Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lie.  
 I ne'er, for satire, torture common sense ;  
 Nor show my wit at God's, nor man's expence.  
 Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown ;  
 Wish well to all, and yet do good to none.  
 Unmerited contempt I hate to bear ;  
 Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.  
 Dishonest flames my bosom never fire ;  
 The bad I pity, and the good admire :  
 Fond of the muse, to her devote my days,  
 And scribble— not for *pudding*, but for *praise*.

THESE

THESE careless lines if any virgin hears,  
Perhaps, in pity to my joyless years,  
She may consent a gen'rous flame to own ;  
And I no longer sigh the nights alone.  
But, should the fair, affected, vain, or nice,  
Scream with the fears inspir'd by frogs or mice,  
Cry, Save us, heav'n ! a spectre, not a man !  
Her hartshorn snatch, or interpose her fan :  
If I my tender overture repeat.  
O ! may my vows her kind reception meet !  
May she new graces on my form bestow,  
And, with tall honours, dignify my brow ! \*

Z

AN

\* The manner, in which our Author has conducted this piece, is very remarkable. None, but one possessed of Mr. BLACKLOCK's happy temper of mind, would have been so pleasant at his own expence. However, lest the Ladies of future ages should think this humorous description real, it may not be improper to tell them, that, if the original had been in the hands of a faithful Painter, the picture would by no means have been so ludicrous.

R. H.

AN *Extempore* EPIGRAM:

On a GIRL bringing in a Bottle of Wine.

**T**ERRESTRIAL HEBE! come, and banish woe;  
 Let mighty wine in gen'rous bumpers flow:  
 All flame, all spirit, let the glass go round;  
 Each face be brighten'd, and each wish be crown'd.  
**A**TLAS, the prop of Jove's sublime abodes,  
 Oft groans beneath the weight of stagg'ring gods:  
 Their great example let us then pursue;  
 We cannot err in what our authors do:  
 Like them in joys unconscious of alloy,  
 Laugh, drink, and sing eternity away.

To a GENTLEMAN, who asked my sentiments of him.

## AN EPIGRAM.

**D**EAR FABIUS! me if well you know,  
 You ne'er will take me for your foe;  
 If right yourself you comprehend,  
 You ne'er will take me for your friend.

ON